THE

BELGIAN TRAVELLER.

VOL. IV.

C. Roworth, Printer, Bell-yard, Temple-bar.

THE

BELGIAN TRAVELLER;

OR,

A TOUR

THROUGH

HOLLAND, FRANCE, AND SWITZERLAND,

DURING THE YEARS 1804 AND 1805,

IN

A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A NOBLEMAN
TO A MINISTER OF STATE.

EDITED BY

The Author of The Revolutionary Plutarch, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

Tel est l'esprit Français, je l'admire et le plains;
Dans son abaissement, quel excés de courage;
La tête sous le joug, les lauriers dans les mains,
Il cherit à la fois la gloire et l'esclavage,
Ses exploits et SA HONTE ont remplis l'univers!!!

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. EGERTON, MILITARY LIBRARY, NEAR
WHITEHALL.

1806.

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THE

BELGIAN TRAVELLER.

LETTER CVI.

Lyons, May, 1805.

MY LORD,

WHEN the paſſage boat from Chalons arrived here, in what is called *le port*, or the harbour, before any paſſengers were permitted to land, a police agent, with half a dozen gens d'armes, came alongſide, to inſpect our paſſes, to take down our names, and to inquire the names of the inns

where we intended to lodge. To be convinced that we went where we faid, the agent gave our luggage in charge of ticket-porters, with orders to carry it to no other houfes.

When here, on my return from Italy in 1790, I was very well-fatisfied with an inn near the *Place de Terreaux*, called *Le Parc*; and I had the pleafure of finding this houfe ftill kept by the fame widow woman, who then was its miftrefs. Her firft bufinefs was to regifter my paffport, to inquire how long I intended to ftay, and to tell me, that before noon on the next day I muft prefent her a permiffion, figned by the commiffary of police, to remain, otherwife fhe dared not lodge me another night. Afking her whether fhe remembered me, and faying, that times had not been changed for the better fince, to judge from the trouble all travellers are fubjected to at prefent,

fhe

ſhe began a long and tedious ſtory of her own ſufferings. She had three ſiſters and four brothers murdered by the Jacobins, after the ſiege of this city in 1793, and had only by illneſs avoided death herſelf. Both under the reign of the Directory and under Buonaparte, ſhe had been carried away from her home by gens d'armes, and impriſoned in the Temple at Paris, upon ſuſpicion of having lodged emigrants and emiſſaries of the Bourbons; and during her abſence, her houſe had been ſtripped of all its plate, linen, and moſt of its furniture, without being able to obtain any recompence, though her innocence had been fairly and clearly laid before the government.— She had not later than ten days ago been fined one thouſand livres (42*l.*), becauſe one of her lodgers, whoſe papers were in order, had, without her knowledge, ſuffered a young conſcript

to paſs the night in his apartment; ſhe therefore hoped that I would excuſe her being particular with me. I interrupted her loquacity, by aſking, whether the prices of her rooms, and at her ordinaries were always the ſame; ſhe replied, that a trifling augmentation had taken place, on account of the dearneſs of every thing, and the heavy taxes that ſhe is forced to pay. Her price for my apartment, and a bed for my ſervant, was half-a-crown a-day; and at the ordinary, which was always well ſerved, I was charged fifty ſous (twenty-five pence) for each repaſt, wine included.

The firſt thing I did in the morning after my arrival, was to wait upon the prefect of the department of the Rhone, Monſ. Bureau de Puzy, whom I had known both when a popular partiſan of La Fayette, and when ſeven years afterwards an exile with him, in Holſtein.

He

He received me with cordiality, and ſent my paſſport, and that of my ſervant, with his ſecretary (Luylier), to the police commiſſary (Dubois), ſo that I did not want to preſent myſelf in an office, where he ſaid ſomething of the revolutionary rudeneſs and vulgarity ſtill continued to be the order of the day.

While I was waiting for the return of the ſecretary, he told me, that it was much againſt his own inclination, that he had accepted his preſent office, having preferred to ſerve even in an inferior military capacity than that which he occupied thirteen years ago; but that Buonaparte wanted here a man of moderate principles to watch and keep within their bounds, ſeveral former terroriſts, whom policy makes him employ, to counteract the counter-revolutionary ſpirit of the inhabitants of this city and department.

Bureau de Puzy, though a zealous revolutioniſt, was never unjuſt or cruel; a deputy of the nobility of the bailiwic of Amont, to the firſt National Aſſembly, he there conducted himſelf with prudence; and the only exaggerated motion made by him was, when the diſcuſſion of recruiting the army by requiſition, occupied the debates; he then propoſed, that every male citizen between twelve and ſixty-ſix ſhould be armed. As an officer of engineers before the revolution, he was much eſteemed for talents and capacity, and was therefore frequently ſince, under the Aſſembly, member of the military and naval committees. As ſuch, he read, in the Tribune, on the 10th of June, 1791, a project for eſtabliſhing diſcipline in the army, and deſired that every officer ſhould pronounce and ſubſcribe a new oath of fidelity to the nation, the law, and the king, and

acknowledge

acknowledge himſelf infamous if ever this oath was infringed by him.

In April 1792, when France declared war againſt Auſtria, he ſerved under La Fayette, and was denounced by one of the then leading jacobins (Guadet), of having propoſed on the part of this general, to Field-marſhal Luckner, to unite both their armies and march together towards Paris, to puniſh the outrages offered the King, and the Royal Family on the 20th of June, the ſame year. The National Aſſembly ordered him to appear at its bar, and juſtify himſelf. There he not only depoſited a certificate of Luckner, which atteſted the falſhood of ſuch an accuſation, but the originals of all correſpondence between the two commanders; but though the Aſſembly decreed his innocence, his denouncer remained unpuniſhed; and to avoid his vengeance, he was obliged to emi-

grate with La Fayette, of whofe captivity in Auftrian prifons he was alfo a fharer. Buonaparte recalled him in 1799, appointed him a counfellor of ftate, and laft year fent him here as a prefect.

LETTER

LETTER CVII.

Lyons, May, 1805.

MY LORD,

NO city in France has ſuffered more by the revolution than Lyons, and no Frenchmen have diſplayed more energy and character, in defence of their rights, liberties, and properties, than the Lyoneſe. Monuments of their courage, firmneſs, and loyalty, as well as of the vengeance of their republican tyrants, are ſtill viſible in moſt ſtreets, and in all the ſquares. Every houſe near the Place de Terreaux bears ſtill the marks of bullets; on the quays of the Rhone, and on the place of Bellecourt, ruins proclaim both their vigorous defence, and the mercileſs outrages of their enemies. The inhabitants even now hold a different lan-

guage from their countrymen. In coffee houfes, in public fquares, on the exchange, and in the theatre, are heard very different fentiments from thofe of the inhabitants of Paris. Here they yet talk like freemen, while in the capital no other founds ftrike the ear but the fawning of flatterers, or the whining of flaves.

In converfing the other day with a refpectable merchant on the exchange, concerning the prefent and future fituation of France, he faid loudly, in calling to a friend, "is it not true what I fay, that the uncertainty of government cannot remain long as it is; the deftiny of France muft ceafe to be annexed to the life of one man? We live from day to day, like criminals under fentence of death, enjoying a refpite, but not mafters of a moment, when the executioner may not call for us. If Buonaparte really loves France more than

than he does himſelf and his own ſupremacy, why not recall the only family that can and has intereſt to make Frenchmen quiet and happy." I was ſo alarmed at what I thought an indiſcretion of the merchant, that I ran away as faſt as I decently could, but I diſcovered afterwards, that thoſe expreſſions of diſcontent and regret are common here and never concealed.

The place *ci devant* Bellecourt, is now called *Place de Buonaparte*; but ſince it was thus baptized in 1800, only three houſes have been rebuilt, while the ruins of hundred others encompaſs it untouched. I expreſſed my ſurprize on this ſubject to a citizen, who anſwered me---" can it be worth the while to rebuild houſes under Napoleon the Firſt, and to riſk any capitals, when he may be ſucceeded by another Robeſpierre, Collot d'Herbois, or Fouché, who, as they did twelve

 years

years ago, may order *the demolition of every building an ariſtocrat can inhabit.* Let Buonaparte reſtore the Bourbons, and every city, town, and village in France will build ſquares, erect ſtatues, and conſtruct monuments to his honour. Nay! in the boſom of every patriotic Frenchman he may then reckon a well-wiſher and an admirer."

A walk called the Bretteaux, on the other ſide of the Rhone, is well worthy to be viſited by every friend of humanity, by every one who abhors rebellion, and laments its unavoidable conſequences, proſcription, plunder, murder, and miſery. On that ſpot have been ſhot or cut to pieces, within nine months, or from November 1793, to Auguſt 1794, ſeven thouſand and three hundred perſons of all ages, and of both ſexes, all innocent of any other *guilt*, but of being faithful to their

God

God and their King, and enemies to *their* enemies. They were carried there by regicides, atheiſts, and rebels, from two to three and four hundred at the ſame time, chained two and two together. When upon the place, they were tied to two rows of trees, and, at a given ſignal, fired upon by cannons loaded with grape-ſhot, pointed from the oppoſite ſides of the walk. Thoſe random ſhots killed but few, but mutilated, more or leſs, all. Dragoons, huſſars, and light horſemen of the revolutionary army were then called in, to charge, and diſpatch all thoſe who had the misfortune to be ſpared by the cannons, and only wounded by their uncertain fire. Iron and leaden bullets, and other marks of deſtruction, may yet be ſeen in the trees of this walk, and every *valet de place* will inform ſtrangers of the terrible cruelties perpetrated here.

The

The executions of theſe victims uſually took place late in the evening, and the corpſes were left upon the ground where they fell, and lay until the next morning; then all the female relations and friends of the butchered perſons were put in requiſition to bury them. They were obliged, by the revolutionary banditti that inſpected them, to dig graves, or rather pits, in the vicinity, and after ſeeing thoſe ſo dear to them ſtripped naked, to throw them in and cover their dead bodies with earth, uncertain whether within ſome few days, or perhaps ſome few hours, they ſhould not alſo be murdered.

On this ſpot, during the reign of the firſt revolutionary governments, *Te Deum* was ſung for victories, national fêtes were celebrated, the goddeſs of reaſon was adored by infidels, and acts of aſſaſſination proclaimed by pretended philanthropiſts. Here alſo, citizens who

who did not wiſh to be conſidered as ſuſpected, were obliged to dance on every decade, and to ſing hymns to Liberty and Equality, the day of martyrology of Louis XVI. of the taking of the Baſtille, and of the foundation of the Republic. Here alſo fraternal and ſiſterly banquets were conſtructed, and libations were made to the atrocious gods, heroes, and heroines of the day.

LETTER CVIII.

Lyons, May, 1805.

MY LORD,

THE governor of this city, is the general of divifion, Dyhefme, of terrorift memory. Before the revolution an apprentice to a barber, he robbed and then ran away from his mafter, and enlifted into the dragoon regiment of Schomberg, from which he was expelled for new crimes, in March 1789. He then went to Paris, announced himfelf as a friend of liberty and equality, was accepted as a volunteer in the National Guard, and afterwards promoted to a lieutenancy by La Fayette. At the attack of the palace of the Thuilleries, on the 10th of Auguft 1792, the poiffards, or fifhwomen, felected him for their commander, a diftinction

at

at that time not a little popular, and therefore procured him on the very next day, the rank of a colonel. As ſuch he was attached to the ſtaff of General Santerre, the new governor of Paris, and headed the guards round the priſon of La Force, during the days of maſſacres of September, in the ſame year. Neither he nor they did murder any priſoner, but they neither ſaved the life of a ſingle detained individual, nor ſuffered the eſcape of any one from the hands of aſſaſſins. During theſe horrors, he was placed with his troops ſo as not to loſe ſight of a cut or a ſtab inflicted, or of a perſon bleeding or expiring.

In 1793, he was made a general of brigade, and as ſuch ſerved under Jourdan in 1794, before Maeſtricht. In 1795, he was employed in La Vendee, where he ſuffered ſeveral defeats from the armed Royaliſts, but reven-

ged

ged himſelf upon the diſarmed peaſants, defenceleſs mothers, wives and daughters, and deſerted property. He here made his fortune. Within nine months, he confiſcated and pillaged upwards of ſix millions of livres, 250,000l.

During the years of 1796 and 1797, he ſerved under General Moreau in Germany; during 1799 under Maſſena at Genoa, and during 1800 under Buonaparte in Italy. This laſt campaign procured him Napoleon's confidence and favour. He denounced five generals, who had ſpoken ſlightly of the Firſt Conſul, and was therefore rewarded by him with the government of the ſecond city in France.

Formerly as a general heading a diviſion, he was regarded not as wanting courage; but in all countries and under all chiefs, he was deſpiſed as deſtitute of talents; employed but

never

never trufted. As a governor of this city, he is endured, but neither efteemed or feared.

He has tried feveral times to imitate the examples of Buonaparte's governors of other cities, to live upon credit, to pocket his falary, and to pay nobody; but in this he has not fucceeded. He is obliged to deal for ready money, becaufe nobody will deal with him but for ready money. The only thing in which the citizens here, have honoured him, is to gamble *as from charity*, fometimes at a bank which he has eftablifhed in the name of his wife. Every Sunday it is crowded, and it is fuppofed that it brings him in about one hundred and fifty thoufand livres, 6000l. per annum.

Buonaparte's uncle, Cardinal Fefch, who is arch-bifhop of this city, has not been here above a month each time fince his appointment; but refides

ſides as an ambaſſador at Rome. The immorality and lowneſs of his early days are well known here, where he is treated with contempt and excluded from all ſocieties, except thoſe of his nephew's public functionaries. He is however ſaid to be very liberal to the poor, and very inſinuating with the fair ſex. If report be true, his adventures have been many as well as curious, before he was advanced to the prelacy. He has for years been a priſoner in Barbary, forced there to exchange the Bible for the Alcoran, and when he found an opportunity to return to his native Iſland Corſica, the Chriſtian religion was there out of faſhion, and after being ſome time a curate, he not only became a wine-houſe keeper, but he alſo kept others of ill fame, from which ſituation Napoleon drew him forward to become one of the ornaments of the Gallican church. His library

library is considered as the most select in France; it was presented him by his sister-in-law, Napoleon's mother, who had several literati to collect it, in France, Italy, Germany, Spain and England. She has paid for it, according to some, twelve hundred thousand livres, 50,000l. and according to others only half that sum, which connoisseurs pretend is double its real worth. Strangers are permitted to visit it and look at the binding of the books, of which none are lent out except by an order to the librarian, a Corsican priest, signed by the hand of his eminence.

As to religion in this city, it is as every where else in France; the people want a Supreme Being, a God to whom they can confide their sorrows and griefs, and to whom they can address their prayers for relief, and from whom they can hope for succours. But their worship is merely external mummery;

their

their Chriſtianity under Buonaparte is the ſame as their atheiſm under Robeſpierre, and their infidelity under the Directory; it is the mere faſhion of the day. Were the fortune of Buonaparte to continue ſome years longer, he might with the ſame eaſe drive Frenchmen into moſques, as he now drums them into churches; and they would there with the ſame ſincerity proſtrate themſelves before Mahomet, as they at preſent kneel before the crucifix.

LETTER

LETTER CIX.

Lyons, May, 1805.

MY LORD,

IN 1789, the population of this city amounted, according to Necker, to one hundred and feventy-five thoufand fouls; at prefent it does not exceed one hundred and twenty thoufand. The number of refpectable manufacturers were then fix thoufand and forty-five; at prefent there are only counted fix hundred and forty-fix. Fifty-four bankers, and feven hundred and ten capital merchants were then eftablifhed here; now the bankers of any credit are only fix, and the merchants of any property not above fixty-two. In the filk manufactories were then employed forty-feven thoufand perfons, now hardly eight thoufand

have

have any work. The consequence of this decrease of means to support and reward industry is an increase of vice, idleness, criminality, and beggary, among the lower classes, which are nearly as numerous here still as before the revolution; its pestilential breath having chiefly destroyed the great and the wealthy.

I was provided with letters of recommendation to two of the most respectable bankers here, M. Coudere and M. Odifray. The latter is also a manufacturer; when I declared to him my surprise at seeing no more business done here, after all the pains government takes to exclude foreign and to encourage internal productions; he replied, " that prohibitory laws no more than fine proclamations could establish what proscriptions, pillage, and murder, had ruined. We stand in need of capitals, of confidence, and of safety, and

and we can hope for neither, as long as we continue unhinged and unfettled as at prefent. Twelve years ago our richeft merchants, and our moft ingenious and ableft manufacturers were all plundered en maffe, many of them afterwards were guillotined or fhot, and thofe, who could efcape, emigrating with the remnants of their fortunes, carried with them into foreign countries not only their induftry but all workmen of any capacity. Some of them have lately returned, but after witneffing our fituation and diftrefs have left us for ever, to enjoy abroad, what they cannot do at home, protection for their perfons and property. We do not indeed at prefent apprehend every inftant an untimely death, and to fee the productions of our induftry fhared amongft our affaffins; but arbitrary imprifonments, which often caufe the ruin and always produce con-

 fufion

fusion in the affairs of merchants and manufacturers, still are very frequent; often the consequence either of credit refused to a favourite, or of payment demanded of a public functionary. Six fathers of families of this city are this moment confined in the Temple, where they have been since last February, for no other cause than having worked, embroidered, and furnished, the coronation dresses for the Emperor and Empress of the French, and for the grand officers, chamberlains, ladies in waiting, pages, &c. of their court; they have been rather clamorous for payment, and presented several petitions, with complaints of the evils a longer delay would produce, as none of them were rich. During their imprisonment, their houses have stopped payment; and should they even be released, and be enabled to make good their payments, their credit has suffered a wound not

easily

eafily healed. Buonaparte has not the leaft notions about trade and commercial tranfactions; he hates and defpifes merchants and manufacturers, and liftens on this fubject only to the advice of perfons as prejudiced and illiberal as himfelf. The commercial tribunal here compofed of well informed men, after being conftantly rebuked for its own interference, became difgufted, and all its members refigned their ufelefs and ungrateful tafks; Buonaparte immediately appointed new ones, to the number of feven, of whom four have been officers in his houfehold troops, two furgeons with him in Egypt, and one only a merchant at Paris, where he failed to a large amount. Thefe perfons now correfpond with the minifter of the interior, and fuggeft fuch improvements for our commerce, and encouragement

 for

for our induſtry, as ought to be expected from perſons who have paſſed their youth in camps and hoſpitals. They think of nothing but the ſword or the lancet, and always reſort to oppreſſive and violent meaſures in a branch of the community which, without the moſt unlimited freedom and protection, can never flouriſh, but muſt wither and decay."

Such were as near as poſſible the expreſſions and ſentiments of M. Odifray, which entirely correſponded with the opinions of M. Coudere, whoſe great commercial knowledge procured him, in 1789, though a Swiſs by birth, the honour of being elected a member of the firſt National Aſſembly by the merchants of this city. In 1793, the Jacobins forced him to migrate, and murdered his partner, Paſſavent. He returned here five years ago, but on

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account of the uncertainty and danger of all commercial ſpeculations under an arbitrary government, and under a military deſpotiſm; he does but little buſineſs, having left moſt of his capitals in the funds of foreign countries.

LETTER CX.

Lyons, June, 1805.

MY LORD,

I WAS yefterday invited to dine with the prefect. The party was numerous, and confifted of the firft perfons here of both fexes. Politics, commerce, military movements, all paffed under the review of the guefts, who, particularly the ladies, fpoke with a freedom I little expected. One of them faid loudly, when it was a queftion about Buonaparte's coronation as a King of Italy, "this is another throne which French blood muft cement, and French treafures fupport; which gratifies the ambition and vanity of a foreign individual, but which will coft France thoufands of her citizens, and millions of her wealth; when

and

and where will all thofe encroachments end?"—"Never, but with the life of Buonaparte," anfwered another lady, "or before he has no more countries to conquer, and nations to fubjugate. That is to fay, were he to reign a century, he would have bufinefs enough himfelf and give trouble enough to others."—"You are very fevere, my good ladies," faid Desfarge, (one of the members of the council of the prefecture), "I will lay any wager that the confcription has deprived you of fome young gallants now encamped on the other fide of the Alps."—"Yes, fir," replied the lady who fpoke firft, "the confcription has deprived me of a perfon extremely dear to me, but he was not my lover, but my only brother, killed and forgotten at the battle of Marengo, which has made your mafter fo much talked of. You know, I fuppofe, that Buonaparte's predeceffors,

 twelve

twelve years ago, alſo killed on the ſcaffold my parents and ſiſter, and that my youth alone preſerved me. Do not therefore be ſurpriſed if I am not very fond of revolutionary rulers, whether emperors, kings, or ſansculottes; and that I ſigh after order and tranquillity." "The revolution, Madame, is now finiſhed," retorted Desfarge; "France is tranquil and quiet, thanks to Napoleone the Firſt." "You ſay that the revolution is finiſhed; what do you call that event which put the Italian iron crown on Buonaparte's head, and the decree which transformed the citizens of the Genoeſe republic into ſubjects of a ſon of a Corſican ſubject of their commonwealth? What is the real name of theſe acts, which within ſix years have proclaimed Buonaparte a firſt conſul of the French republic, a firſt conſul for life, and an Emperor of the French Empire? As to the

the tranquillity of France, it is nothing but the apathy of Frenchmen; and her quietude is only that of tombs." At a nod from the prefect, Desfarge faid, that he remarked the neceffity of giving up all hope of reforming or converting his fair opponent.

Here ended the general converfation of Buonaparte's coronation at Milan, and the incorporation of Genoa; but I heard from a friend whofe place muft procure him good information, that Buonaparte's outrageous ambition had alienated from him all thofe whom his military achievements had formerly attached to him; and that it required all the vigilance and feverity of his favourite generals, commanding his armies on the coaft and in Italy, to prevent the troops expreffing their difcontent by acts of mutiny and fedition. All parents, whofe fons approach the age of confcription, declaim againft

 him

him all over France, well foreseeing that these new acts of usurpation must occasion endless wars, requisitions, and expences; and all those, who have any property to preserve, or whose capitals are laid out in commercial speculations, abhor him for encroachments, which must require money to keep, at the same time that they must invite to new seizures, new acquisitions, and new revolutions; violences that make the condition of the landholder, as well as of the monied man, at least precarious.

I was assured that several men of large estates, in this department, had lately sold their property at a loss of from ten to twenty per cent. to obtain ready money, and be enabled, in case of any new civil troubles, as are apprehended after the death of Buonaparte, to emigrate without exposing themselves to distress in foreign countries; and that others, under pretence of

of ſettling in our colonies, have embarked at Marſeilles and Bourdeaux in American or other neutral ſhips for the American continent, and there laid out their capitals in lands, or in the eſtabliſhments of commercial houſes.

Theſe and other proofs of diſtruſt and diſcontent have not eſcaped the notice of government; and all public functionaries have therefore received ſecret orders to impede, as much as poſſible, the ſales of large eſtates, and where ſold, to watch their late owners, and to refuſe them, in caſe they ſhould apply for paſſes to go abroad, or even to approach the ſea ports. The prefects and police commiſſaries there have no doubt alſo their inſtructions to ſtop all travellers of that deſcription, and to prevent them from embarking. On the frontiers of Switzerland, the vigilance has of late been ſo ſtrict, that ſeveral Lioneſe merchants and manu-

facturers, who intended to frequent the fairs of Frankfort, Leipſig, and other German towns, have endured great loſſes by being detained on the French ſide of the Rhine, notwithſtanding that their paſſes were regular. Italy is the only foreign country, with which the communication is ſomewhat eaſy, and many diſcontented have taken advantage of it to paſs into Germany by way of the Tyrol.

Such is the ſcarcity of money in this part of France, that a diſcount of two per cent. in the month is paid even upon bills accepted by the firſt bankers. Between three and four per cent. diſcount is charged upon others, though their value is ſecured with the moſt reſpectable ſignatures. For loans upon landed and patrimonial eſtates two per cent. are demanded and given, and for loans upon national eſtates, the intereſt is double. No money is advanced

upon

upon bills of a longer date than two months, and upon property for a longer time than a year. All interefts are deducted from the fums advanced and paid before hand. Pawn brokers charge four per cent. in the month upon pledges of diamonds, of gold, or of filver, but upon all other valuables or goods five per cent. No money is advanced for longer time than three months; and the intereft is always paid before hand. If the pledge is not taken out on the day of forfeiture, it belongs to the pawnbroker, who never advances half its real value. Thefe ufurious tranfactions, admitted or winked at by government, enrich fome individuals, but ruin fociety at large; in particular a nation fond of fhows and gambling, and naturally inclined to extravagance. No laws of France (notwithftanding that twenty-four thou-

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ſand have been enacted within fifteen years) regulate the rate of intereſt for money, and no one can therefore in France be tried for uſury.

LETTER

LETTER CXI.

Lyons, June, 1805.

MY LORD,

THE common fufferings and the general difcontent and penury have not prevented here more than in the capital, the increafe of places of diffipation and amufements. Several public gardens are open every night for entertainment and for debauchery, and are well enough frequented during this feafon, though much reprobated by fober citizens, as hurtful in the higheft degree to a commercial and manufacturing city, which owes its importance only to its induftry. Formerly no fuch gardens exifted, and only one theatre was open every night; another theatre has fince the revolution been built on the ruins of the convent

of

of St. Celeſtine, and attracts daily a numerous audience, particularly of young men, as its boxes are chiefly filled with women of the town. The prices, here, are alſo very low and enticing; thirty ſous, (fifteen pence) are paid for the firſt places, and twelve ſous (ſix pence) for the laſt. On both theſe theatres the performers are tolerable, and ſerve as nurſeries for the grand theatres at Paris. The ſpectators here, at leaſt thoſe at the pit, are more noiſy and riotous than in any place through which I have paſſed during my preſent journey. They interrupt for hours the performance to quarrel about an air which ſome deſire to be ſung, while it is oppoſed by others, and this muſt be tireſome and unintereſting to the majority of the audience. Though a police commiſſary is always preſent here, as in the other theatres all over France, he does not interfere, but leave the

moſt

moſt perſevering or moſt noiſy to carry the point in the manner they think proper. When I complained of this ſcandalous endurance, which infringed on the rights of others, while, the moſt trifling or inſignificant offence, hurtful to nobody, was chaſtiſed with ſeverity, I was anſwered that this was a cuſtom, the remnant of revolutionary licentiouſneſs, which was endured becauſe it could not be altered without ſerious diſturbances and loſs to the theatres; as all young men would rather renounce the plays than give up a right to ſhow what they called their ſpirit, and *that they were free*. It had been attempted ſome years ago, but had not ſucceeded.

Several anecdotes on this ſubject were related to me. The maſs of the people of this city was never very much attached to the revolution, and took all opportunities to evince their ſentiments.

ments. Until lately a law of the State ordered, that before the overture of any piece was began and before the curtain was lifted up, as well as between every act, when it was dropped down, the Marfeillois air and other revolutionary tunes fhould be played; this tyranny over the feelings of the victims of revolutionary affaffins, even in their places of amufement, was oppofed violently, and could never be carried into execution here. General Duhefme, as foon as well fixed here as a governor, refolved to have this law obeyed; and therefore commanded from his box the orcheftra to play the *ca ira.* A common cry of No! No! with whiftling and ftamping, continued for an hour, notwithftanding the menaces of the governor. At laft he fent his aide-de-camp for a company of grenadiers to arreft the mutinous or clear the houfe. After fome refiftance, which

coft

coſt the lives of four Lyoneſe, and of one grenadier, the governor remained maſter of the field of battle. But the boxes and orcheſtra as well as the pit were emptied at the ſame time, and though he ſent out to inform the people, that every thing was quiet, nobody would enter, not even the muſicians. Determined, however, to have his patriotic airs played, he ordered the band of one of the regiments in garriſon of this city, to occupy the orcheſtra, and obey his orders. For a month afterwards, not a ſingle inhabitant of Lyons went to the theatre, and the managers would have been ruined, without the humbling condeſcenſion of Duheſme, in announcing officially, that he ſhould not inſiſt on obedience any longer, but leave every thing as it had been under former governors.

You have, perhaps, read already that the ſtrolling player Collot d'Herbois, whom

whom the revolution created a repre-ſentative of the people, was once an actor on this ſtage, and in revenge for being hiſſed, afterwards, when a de-puty of the National Convention in miſſion here, cauſed ſeveral thouſand inhabitants to be guillotined or ſhot. I enquired as to the reality of this re-port, and was aſſured by M. Coudere, that it was a well known fact, that could not be doubted. Moſt of the boxes before the revolution were let out to ſubſcribers, whoſe names were of courſe found in the regiſters of the theatres. Theſe regiſters were ſeized by him, and not one of the ſubcribers or *of their families* and *friends*, on whom he could lay hold, eſcaped de-ſtruction, " becauſe," ſaid he, " *the hiſſes came from the boxes.*"

One of the actreſſes, a Madame St. Claire, evinced in thoſe ſhocking times a fidelity and a courage worthy a bet-

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ter reward. She was kept by a merchant of the name of Gaudin, who was one of the fubfcribers, and as fuch, doomed by the upftart tyrant, Collot D'Herbois, to death. By her acquaintances fhe procured an afylum for her lover, but was arrefted herfelf, accufed of having effected the efcape or concealment of a profcribed perfon. Letters from Gaudin proved that fhe knew his retreat, and though fhe was offered not only her life, but a liberal reward, to deliver him up, fhe refufed with obftinacy and firmnefs. After fentence of death had been paffed on her, Collot D'Herbois told her it was ftill time enough to be pardoned: "No Collot," faid fhe, "I fhould be unworthy to live upon fuch conditions. My death is much preferable to your exiftence." Then addreffing herfelf to the audience, fhe faid: "Citizens! Liften to the prayers of a dying woman, who

who has no crimes with which to reproach herſelf. Should Gaudin ſurvive his perſecutors, and ſee better days, tell him that poor St. Claire died worthy of herſelf and of him." She then left the tribunal, marched up the ſcaffold, placed under its windows, exclaimed, in kiſſing the portrait of her lover: "Oh! Gaudin, how happy am I to give you this everlaſting proof of my ſincere affection;" put her head under the ax of the executioner; and expired a heroine of love and diſcretion.

After the death of Robeſpierre, when Gaudin dared again to return to his native city, and recovered a part of his loſt property, he took two young brothers of his miſtreſs into his houſe, educated them as his own ſons, and has now made them his partners. He has alſo erected lately a monument in the cathedral of this

city,

city, to commemorate ſuch a generous martyr ſacrificed upon the altar of love and fidelity. The action of Madame St. Claire was ſo much the more extraordinary and praiſeworthy, as at the age of nineteen ſhe reſigned life for a man and lover of forty-nine ! !

LETTER

LETTER CXII.

Avignon, June, 1805.

MY LORD,

THE paffage-boat defcending the Rhone from Lyons to this city, is far from being fo convenient as that defcending the Saone from Chalons. Its progrefs is, however, quicker, and it is much preferable to land carriages; as when the wind is fair or only not contrary, the current of the Rhone carries you ufually in thirty fix hours to this place, a diftance from Lyons of eighty leagues.

Thefe paffage-boats do not ftop to dine, but do not proceed during the night. We ftopped the firft evening at Teint, near Valence, in Dauphiny. This village, or rather the mountain behind it, is famous for producing the

hermitage

hermitage wine, which is got in ſuch ſmall quantities, that even upon the ſpot it is ſold for half a crown a bottle. The mountain where the grapes of this wine grow, is about half a league in extent on each ſide; from the ſouth part only, the real hermitage is preſſed, on the north part are cultivated plants, giving a white wine, alſo called hermitage, but of inferior quality.

The hermitage wine ſold in moſt countries, is what is called in Dauphiny and along the banks of the Rhone, *vin de côte roti*. It is ſtronger than real hermitage, but has not the ſame flavour. In the country for this wine is only paid twelve ſous, (ſix pence) a bottle.

The nobleman to whom Teint belonged before the revolution, emigrated, and his chateau is now the principal inn, where all travellers reſort to. Aſking the miſtreſs of the houſe

what had become of the former proprietor, ſhe ſaid, " Sir, my huſband and I have not bought this houſe *from the nation*, but at the ſale, after the valet of that nobleman, who purchaſed it merely for a trifle. Though we paid its full value, we remitted with great riſks ſeveral ſums of money *to its real owner*. We have now occupied it ſeven years, and proſpered ſo well, that was he to return, we would for a ſmall conſideration reſtore it him. But we have heard that his only ſon was killed, in ſerving in the army of Condé, and that the father, mother and ſon, have ſince died broken hearted. At leaſt we have not heard of them for four years, and the laſt remittance we ſent them has not been touched, though the money is ſtill in the hands of a banker at Frankfort.

The accommodation of this inn was exceedingly good and very cheap; for ſupper

ſupper and beds for myſelf and my ſervant, I only paid four livres ten ſous, (three ſhillings and nine pence,) and I ſat down at one of the beſt ſerved tables in France.

As we were to continue our journey about four o'clock the next morning, and the maſter of the paſſage-boat informed me, that he did not intend to ſtop any where before his arrival at this city, probably late in the evening of the next day, I ordered a ſauſage, a cold fowl, ſome ham and ſome fruits, with a bottle of wine, for which I was charged no more than three livres, (half a crown.)

In the paſſage-boat with us, were eight gens d'armes, eſcorting tranſported or exiled perſons to their deſtination; but after I had exhibited my paſs to the commiſſary of police on the quay at Lyons, I was aſked for it only at T[illegible]int, and before I landed here,

where another police commiſſary inſpected it again, aſked me the inn at which I ſhould lodge, how long I intended to ſtay, and ordered me to wait within twenty-four hours on the prefect, to obtain his ſignature, and his permiſſion to reſide here the few days, buſineſs or pleaſure detained me.

I have taken my lodgings here in the inn called "The Palais Royal," near the theatre. A ſingular cuſtom prevailed in this houſe; when I had been ſhewn into my room, and had obtained a bed for my ſervant, the miſtreſs of the houſe, who is a widow, came in and aſked me whether I dined and ſupped at the ordinary or in my own apartment, and in what manner my ſervant was to be boarded. Having given her the information wanted on this ſubject, ſhe ſaid, "Excuſe my telling you, that as I am reſolved to treat my cuſtomers in ſtyle, neceſſity

forces

forces me to requeſt payment before hand for every thing. I have ſeveral thouſand livres due to me by our generals and officers, which I never expect to be paid, and therefore to continue the reputation of my houſe, I am obliged to allow no truſt. I agreed accordingly to advance her my expences every twenty-four hours before hand.

When I ſat down to ſupper, I obſerved that ſhe adhered to her rule. As ſoon as a traveller took his chair, the head waiter preſented a plate, and aſked for the price of the repaſt. All acquitted it good humouredly enough except a captain of dragoons, who ſaid he had no money, becauſe his pay was in arrear for ſixteen months; if you cannot pay, ſaid the waiter, you ſhall not ſup; citizens gens d'armes, I give this gentleman to your charge, if he does not voluntarily retire. Two

 gens

gens d'armes advanced ſome ſteps, but the captain ſpared them all trouble, going away in curſing the government that cauſed his diſtreſs, and the inn-keeper who expoſed it.

I had heard in Holland, that the French troops there were regularly paid by the Dutch Government, but ſeveral generals of the army on the coaſt told me, that ſome diviſions there had not received their pay for ten months, and that others had not touched any money from government for eighteen months, but that they all ſubſiſted upon credit, in hope of diſcharging their debts, if not before, at leaſt *after* their *conqueſt* of England, which was held up to them all as a Peru.

Of the army of the interior, I was informed, that the houſehold troops of Buonaparte were regularly paid, but

but that all other divisions of it were more or less neglected and left unpaid, particularly if their colonels were not much liked by Buonaparte, nor were favourites of his favourites. Many officers had, therefore, been obliged to pawn or sell their watches and trinkets. The soldiers were better off, because they obtained every day a pound and a half of bread, and a quarter of a pound of meat, which preserved them from starving.

The distress of the captain of dragoons caused a great deal of discussion. Most persons pitied him, and all blamed government, that did not force innkeepers to give a credit to military men, proportionate to the debts due to them by the State, and that when such an *useful* and respectable body of men suffered, petty individuals ought also to submit to some privations, and

even loſſes. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," interrupted the landlady, "low as our ſituation in life is, we are not to be ruined by a government, which our contributions ſupport, but from which flow no ſalaries, or direct advantages to us. I can convince you beſides, that I had patience ſo long until myſelf and my daughters were nearly reduced to beggary. Here is my book of accounts; in it you will read that thirty ſix thouſand four hundred and twenty two livres, (1500l.) are due to me by officers of all ranks, from a general in chief down to the loweſt enſign. This money conſtitutes more than half of the product of my labour, fatigue and induſtry during forty years; and is it not hard to work for ſtrangers, who do not thank you, and whom you will perhaps never ſee more in your lives? She afterwards added, "that *though*

ſhe

she was a friend to liberty, and of the revolution, ſhe could not help ſaying, that without its paper money, ſhe ſhould long ago have retired from trade, with a competence, poſſeſſing fifteen years ago, more wealth than ſhe does at preſent, if the debts due to her by officers are not diſcharged.

But whatever difference of opinion prevailed with regard to her precautionary meaſures, all agreed that her ſupper was moſt excellent and ſumptuous.

It conſiſted of three courſes, and I counted ſixty-ſix diſhes, beſides the deſſert; carps and ſalmon of the Rhone, trouts and craw fiſh of the fountain of Vaucluſe, ſturgeons and lobſters of the Mediterranean, veniſon of the Alps, and wild game of Languedoc, were all ſerved up in perfection. For deſſert we had green almonds, figs,

grapes, ſtrawberries, and all other delicious productions of this ſeaſon, and of that country. The charge for the whole, a bottle of very good wine included, was fifty ſous, (twenty-five pence.)

LETTER

LETTER CXIII.

Avignon, June, 1805.

MY LORD,

TRAVELLERS are fubjected to the fame formalities here as every where elfe in France, with regard to their paffports. Permiffions to remain muft be had from the prefect; and the police commiffary, and the adjutant of the place (here is no governor) are to affix their fignatures, before the inn-keepers regard themfelves authorifed to lodge ftrangers. Gens d'armes are befides ftationed juft by the inn, and obferve every perfon arriving or departing; and if they fufpect any one not to have his papers quite in order, they ftop him, or enter during the meals, and afk him, when at table, for his pafs.

 This

This country, called before the revolution the *Comtat Venaiſſin*, was one of the moſt happy upon earth. Situated in a moſt delightful climate, fruitful to the higheſt degree, ruled by the mild government of the Pope, repreſented here by a vice-legate, its inhabitants enjoyed all the comforts, without ſuffering the burdens of civilized ſociety. They would have ſtill continued quiet and fortunate, had their French neighbours continued loyal and dutiful.

You well remember with what barefaced hypocriſy, the leading rebels of the Conſtituent Aſſembly *renounced* in the name of France *all conqueſts* and *all aggrandiſements*; but the decree had ſcarcely been paſſed, before they plotted in the moſt treacherous manner the ſeizure of this ſtate; and employed, to effect this purpoſe, the vileſt and moſt ſanguinary banditti. At the head

head of these, and worthy of such masters, was Matthieu, Joune, Jourdan, terribly notorious under the name of Jourdan *coupe-tête*, or the cut-throat.

This monster was born in 1749, at St. Just, near Puy, in the department of the Upper Loire. He was by turns, butcher, farrier, smuggler on the frontiers of Savoy, coiner, and soldier in the regiment of Auvergne. The revolution found him a deserter at Paris, where to disguise himself he had caused his beard to grow to an unusual length. On the 14th of July, 1789, when French reformers began their regeneration of the human species with the murders of the governor of the Bastille (De Launais), of the prevost of the merchants (De Flesselles), and of some dozens of invalid soldiers, Jourdan, for the first time, gave proof of his zeal in the cause of French Liberty, by cutting off, and carrying upon a pike, the head

of

of De Launais. In the maſſacre at Verſailles, on the 6th of October following, he cut off the heads of Deſhuttes and Varicourt, the gentlemen of the King's body guard, and carried them before the carriage of the Royal Family, in the proceſſion of cannibals which accompanied them to the capital. Here, in boaſting that it was he that tore the hearts out of the boſoms of Foulon and Berthier, he complained of the trifling occupation the aſſembly gave him at Verſailles, where too few heads fell, and requeſted a reward of a *civic* medal for his *patriotiſm*.

It was then that Mirabeau, Talleyrand, Bouche de Rhone, and other directors of the French revolutionary propaganda, engaged this cut-throat as one of their emiſſaries in the Comtat Venaiſſin, to terrify the people into the plots of the French traitors, and to demand a re-union of their country with France.

France. Befides inftruction, he obtained a confiderable fum of money, with which he enlifted accomplices.

At his arrival, fome French democrats and Jacobins, eftablifhed and tolerated in this city, had already preached infurrection to the lower claffes, and the agitation began to be the fame as in France. He however gave new activity to the plots of the confpirators. He demanded the head of every noble, and of every rich man, under the pretence that they were ariftocrats, and ordered the inftant maffacre of fome of them, called by him the chiefs of the papal faction. He formed an electoral body of men, of characters like his own, and organized a corps of affaffins, to which he gave the name of the army of Vauclufe. It was compofed of deferters, of fmugglers, and of felons let out of prifons, or who had efcaped from the

galleys.

galleys. Theſe pillaged all chateaux, convents, churches, and even private houſes, and wherever they met with any reſiſtance, maſſacred the proprietors or inmates, ſparing neither age nor ſex. Their nominal commander was at firſt a bankrupt linen-draper of the name of Patrix, whom they ſhot becauſe he ſaved the lives of two nuns: but after his execution, Jourdan aſſumed the command, having for his aide-de-camp, a ſerjeant, who had deſerted from the regiment of *La Vielle Marine*, of the name of Bernadotte, at preſent one of Buonaparte's field marſhals and grand officer of his Legion of Honour.

The ſecond city of this country, Carpentras, contained a number of loyal inhabitants, who with the refugees of other parts, armed themſelves in defence of their lives and property, The attack of this city was therefore

reſolved

refolved on by Jourdan; but though he was provided with a numerous artillery, he was forced to retreat, after a lofs of five hundred men, and two of his generals, Chabrou and Peytavin. New pillage, new murders accompanied this difafter, and was a prelude to the day of LA GLACIERE which crowned fo many horrors.

Some of the people of Avignon, irritated by long mifery and exafperated againft its authors, had, in an infurrection, killed one of Jourdan's principal agents (Lefcuyer), a fecretary of the revolutionary municipality. This accident became to Jourdan a fignal of carnage; and the night of the 16th of October, 1791, as well as the following days were employed by him to revenge the death of Lefcuyer. The Apoftolical Palace here, known under the name of *La Glaciere*, contained the arfenal, the prifons, the halls of juftice,

and

and the residence of the Pope's vice-legate. There Jourdan and his banditti, with iron bars, knocked out the brains of sixty-one individuals, of whom thirteen were women: after tearing off the breasts of these, and cutting out the hearts of their male victims, they roasted them, and eat them together, at a fraternal banquet; during this cannibal feast *Ca Ira* was performed by the musicians of Jourdan's band.

The general cry of indignation and vengeance obliged the Legislative Assembly to order, in November following, the arrest of Jourdan, as Condorcet expressed himself, the only means *to save a citizen so valuable to all friends of liberty.* His conduct was defended by Brissot, Condorcet, François de Neufchateau, and the chief patriots of this Assembly, which by an amnesty in March, 1792, let this mon-

ster

lier again looſe upon ſociety; and advanced him to a general of the gens d'armes. Faction however, but too late for humanity, avenged the outrages perpetrated by him againſt the community. Notwithſtanding the ſpeeches of Tallien, Barras, and Fouché, in favour of their friend, Robeſpierre, ſuſpecting Jourdan to be attached to his rivals of the Briſſot party, ſent him before the revolutionary tribunal, which, on the 27th of May, 1794, condemned him to death.

Such was the man, and ſuch were the means uſed by French *philoſophers* and *philanthropiſts* to obtain the firſt extenſion of the territory of revolutionary France, and to extend, as they infamouſly ſaid, the *bleſſings* of French *fraternity!* The people here are now equally oppreſſed and wretched with their French *brothers*, and never ſpeak of their former happineſs without tears

in

in their eyes, and execrations in their mouths on thoſe that have ſo cruelly deceived and reduced them. Even in the preſence of the adjutant of the place here, Cordier, who dines at the ordinary of the inn where I lodge, they did not conceal theſe their feelings and ſentiments. "We ſhould not, after being ruined, be thus inſulted (ſaid a citizen from Carpentras, whom the gens d'armes arreſted yeſterday at the table, becauſe he had neglected to ſhew his paſs at the prefecture) had Providence in its wrath not curſed us with Gallic fraternity; but we deſerve our fate, in not preferring death to a diſgraceful foreign bondage." "Softly, Sir;" interrupted Cordier; "your bad temper makes you forget yourſelf." A general murmur prevented this public functionary of Buonaparte from ſaying any thing more; but the gens d'armes carried off their victim; who

now

now in prison will have plenty of time to muse and meditate on the liberality, on the faith, and on the promises of universal liberty held out by the treacherous representatives of a faithless people.

LETTER

LETTER CXIV.

Avignon, June, 1805

MY LORD,

THE walks round this city are beautiful and very much improved ſince 1790. Their extent is upwards of a league, but the moſt faſhionable part of them is along the banks of the Rhone. There, in an evening, you will ſee the remnants of eaſe, elegance, and beauty, that formerly were ſo common here. Here alſo, though an incorporated country, the revolutionary laws againſt emigration have ruined thoſe whom the revolutionary banditti forced to ſacrifice their property to ſave their lives.

I met the other evening an old friend, the Marquis de R——, whom I had once known the richeſt and moſt

happy

happy man of this town and country. He was married to an amiable lady, by whom he had four grown up ſons and two daughters, and he was related to the firſt nobility here, who aſſembled twice in the week in his elegant manſion. During the fine ſeaſon regular dinner parties and balls were given at his ſuperb chateau, ſituated on a moſt romantic ſpot two leagues from hence. Every Saturday his ſteward diſtributed one hundred crowns among the poor of this city, and a portion of ſoup and meat was given to all who preſented themſelves at his hotel on Sundays and days of Chriſtian fêtes. At Chriſtmas he cloathed one hundred poor perſons; at Eaſter, he paid for the education of twenty-five poor children; and at Whit-Sunday each year he gave portions of two hundred livres (8l.) each, to twelve girls of

good

good morals, and who married young men worthy of ſuch wives.

I found him now, blind, deſtitute, bereaved of his fortune, family and friends, ſtooping under the burthen of age, and deſerted by every body, except an infirm old woman, ſupported formerly by his charity. He leaned on her, who had ſcarcely ſtrength enough to carry herſelf. At firſt I hardly remembered him, and intended to re-enter the town, to enquire what had become of him, when a prieſt, who walked by, exclaimed to his companion: "there is a ſad example of the viciſſitudes of human exiſtence, and a convincing proof of another and better world, where virtue obtains its reward, and where crime cannot eſcape its puniſhment." I aſked him whether it was not the Marquis de R— whom I ſaw thus altered? "Then you have

have known him before," replied the prieſt; "yes, he is the unfortunate nobleman whoſe name you mentioned. He now inhabits one of the hoſpitals endowed by his anceſtors, and where he himſelf has ſo often relieved ſuffering humanity. The lands conſtituting the funds of this hoſpital have been ſold as national property, its inmates endure not only privations, but real wants. The ſmall allowance of government is ſeldom, if ever paid, and the general miſery being as great as the general egotiſm, the charitable donations of individuals are merely accidental trifles, and of the poor wretches there, ſome literally periſh for want every day. I am ſurprized to ſee the marquis and his nurſe ſtill among the living."

I followed the marquis at a diſtance, and entered with him into this abode of wretchedneſs, impoſſible to delineate. In the paſſage of the ground

floor laid the three naked corpſes of two women and a man, who had died that day, and who after ſun-ſet were to be thrown in a cart naked as they were, and be carried to a pit dug for the reception of poor people dying in the hoſpital, or for malefactors breathing their laſt in gaols, or periſhing on the ſcaffold. What an inſult to virtuous poverty, and what a national cruelty, and what hardneſs of heart, thus to confound misfortunes with guilt. This pit is ſome diſtance from the city, and all corpſes thrown in, are immediately covered with lime.

In the firſt floor a long hall extended on each ſide of the ſtaircaſe, and the marquis entered on that of the left hand ſide. It was, as I was informed, of the ſame ſize as that oppoſite, and contained formerly twenty-eight beds, which were now reduced to eight, as two and ſometimes three poor perſons

occupied

occupied one and the ſame bed. Government was to allow for the board and expences of each individual ſix ſous (three pence) in twenty-four hours; but as neither bakers nor butchers would give any longer credit, nor the phyſicians and ſurgeons attend, or the apothecaries furniſh drugs, without ready payments, all the infirm and all patients ſuffered an unheard of diſtreſs, as many expiring from inanition as from diſeaſe. Upon enquiry, the nurſe told me, "that this diſtreſs, and that theſe ſocial ſuicides had continued ever ſince May laſt year, when, ſhe ſaid with naivete, Buonaparte began to pay nobody, *becauſe he required all the money of France for the expences of his coronation.*"

Five minutes were neceſſary to enable the marquis to recollect me and my obligations to him, for his many civilities and friendly hoſpitality during

my ſtay here, fifteen years ago. When I ſhook him cordially by the hand, and expreſſed my ſorrowful feelings at ſeeing him thus recompenſed for his uncommon generoſity, tears trickled down his cheeks, and he exclaimed with a faultering voice, " Pardon my weakneſs; my nurſe can tell you theſe are my firſt tears ſhed ſince Providence placed me here. I have ſupported neglect, ingratitude, and contempt, with fortitude; but my heart is ſo little accuſtomed of late to meet with kind compaſſion, or to beat eaſier from any generous ſentiments from without, that it betrays itſelf. Indeed it was taken by ſurprize. If thoſe to whom my ſight and my afflictions are troubleſome or reproachful, would but uſe me with a little kindneſs, they would ſoon break it, and get rid of me."

I heard from this unfortunate nobleman, that two of his ſons had been killed

killed during the civil wars here in 1791, and that the two other ſons had been ſtopped in attempting to emigrate in 1793, and guillotined. He was then with the other members of his family in the Conciergerie priſon at Paris, where his wife and one of his daughters died from the united effects of ſorrow and terror. During his impriſonment in the capital his name was put upon the liſt of emigrants in this department, and conſidered as ſuch, all his property was confiſcated and ſold. In 1795 he returned here with his only remaining child, who with her induſtry and labour ſupported him until 1800, when fatigue and too much application ended her days. To add to his miſery, a cold in his head fell on his eyes, and deprived him of his ſight. He applied to thoſe who for one or two years' purchaſe had become owners of his property, to allow him a ſmall mainte-

 nance;

nance; but though ſome of them had been his own tenants, and all had ſhared his bounty when in affluence, they refuſed any money, but procured him a place in this hoſpital, built and endowed by his great grandfather. Here he had for upwards of four years dragged on a miſerable exiſtence, when the contractors of government became or declared themſelves inſolvent. He and his nurſe ſubſiſt now together on ten ſous (five pence) a day, given them by an old Iriſh prieſt, who has no more than thirty ſous a day himſelf to live upon. He profeſſed himſelf perfectly reſigned and ſubmiſſive to the chaſtiſement inflicted upon him by the Almighty, who he hoped and prayed would make the remaining part of his ſufferings but ſhort. He did not complain, nor utter a murmur, but his nurſe told me that he does not ſleep ſo ſoundly as formerly, becauſe the want of

of matreſſes has obliged the director, (who is alſo a Jacobin,) to lay another old man on the ſame bed with him and with her, which makes them all three very uncomfortable.

I found out the worthy prieſt who ſhared his own ſcanty allowance with the marquis, whom he had never known in days of proſperity. His appearance and his own poverty convinced me of the extent of his ſacrifice, and of the magnanimity of his charity. They both proclaimed more than words could do the faith of a ſincere Chriſtian, and the heavenly ſublimity of a religion, that elevates ſinful man to the true repreſentative of a divinity upon earth. I was happy to have it in my power to alleviate the burden of genuine goodneſs, and unmerited diſtreſs. It was the moſt fortunate day of my life, and the remembrance of it only, upon my death bed,

 will

will ſoften the pangs of diſſolution. Oh! if thoſe whoſe rank has not been humbled, or whoſe wealth has not been entangled by the revolutionary overthrow, knew how eaſily and cheaply, durable and pure happineſs might be purchaſed, I dare hope, notwithſtanding the ſelfiſhneſs of this iron age, that they would fly to hoſpitals with more eagerneſs than they now run after houſes of diſſipation.

In the hoſpital here, of forty-ſix inmates, eight were *ci-devant* nobles, five *ci-devant* prieſts, and ſix *ci-devant* nuns, ruined by the revolution. They were ſeventy-two in the beginning of the year, but the remainder have paid their tribute to exhauſted nature. As yet two or three perſons die every week, this manſion will ſoon be uninhabited.

I have been rather prolix in the particulars of this houſe, which humanity erected,

erected, but which a revolutionary anarchy has pillaged, and a revolutionary infensibility defolates, becaufe I am informed from more than one refpectable perfon, that all other hofpitals and charitable inftitutions in France are equally ruined by former, and equally inhumanly neglected by the prefent revolutionary government. The expences of one of Buonaparte's journeys to the coaft, or of one of the fêtes to celebrate his coronation or birth day, would be fufficient to make life tolerable, and the defcent into the grave imperceptible, of every one of his empire, who in this world has no other home than an hofpital, nor any other confolation than a tomb.

LETTER CXV.

Avignon, June, 1805.

MY LORD,

I INTENDED to have taken a trip to the fountain of Vauclufe, had I not, upon enquiry, heard that every thing round it ftill befpeaks the horrors of which its vicinity has been the theatre within thefe fourteen years. Even the inn at Lille, where vifitors were formerly accommodated with fifh from the fountain that Petrarch eternized, has been demolifhed, and there is no accommodation for them in any other houfe.

In fact, the people of this country fuffer in every manner from its incorporation with France; they pay now more taxes in twelve months, than comparatively they paid to the Popes during

during twenty four years. When they remained ſubjects of his holineſs, their country was reſpected as neutral during all former wars between England and France, and Britiſh travellers whom an impaired conſtitution, neceſſity, or pleaſure, ſent abroad, expended here immenſe ſums, and found here both an hoſpitable reception, a healthy climate, cheap living, and agreeable ſociety. Now, ſeldom any foreigners paſs through, on account of the inſults and impediments, they encounter every ſtep from police agents, prefects, governors, gens d'armes, and other ſpies, who hand them over to each other like convicted criminals; and for the ſame cauſes no foreigner has ſettled here, or reſided here, for any length of time ever ſince 1792.

Should, however, order and tranquillity be once more reſtored to France, and a general and ſtable peace bleſs Europe,

 this

this country offers many incitements to ſtrangers. A good houſe built of ſtone, with proſpect over the walks and the river Rhone, may be had here for three hundred livres, twelve pounds, a year. Bread, meat, and wine, are from twenty to forty per cent. cheaper than in other parts of France; and every thing that the affluent can purchaſe, and the voluptuous or ſenſualiſt deſire, the climate produces. Though ſometimes it does not rain here from May to September, the country is not exhauſted by droughts, being ſurrounded or croſſed with numerous rivers, and fountains, that give the ſame abundance of waters as rivers. Like all other countries not diſtant from the Mediterranean, it ſuffers ſometimes from high winds, but their duration is never above three days. Winters are ſeldom felt here, but when the rough autumn makes its retreat the mild ſpring

ſpring makes its appearance. The people are lively and ſociable, and the women are beautiful and uncommonly fair for ſuch a warm climate.

Here is a theatre by the ſide of the inn, the Palais Royal, where I lodge. The performers are above mediocrity, and the prices of admiſſion are very moderate. It is, neverthelefs, not much frequented, becauſe the performers are all Frenchmen or French women, and the inhabitants are determined to contribute nothing, but what they cannot avoid, either to their tyrant, or to his ſlaves.

At dinner to day I happened to mention the tomb of Petrarch's Laura, which I often viſited formerly in the convent where ſhe was buried; and of which I this morning, in vain, inquired the place. "There is nothing ſingular in your diſappointment," ſaid one of the party: "the convent in

which

which her aſhes repoſed, is ſold and demoliſhed, and the chapel, in which a tomb-ſtone indicated her reſt, is now transformed into a ſtable of mules and of jackaſſes. If you will take a walk after dinner, you ſhall have an opportunity to deplore this ſhocking outrage offered to beauty and genius." I accompanied him; the chapel was inhabited by ſix mules and their drivers, as civilized and ſenſible as themſelves, and by two jackaſſes, laying down on the tomb-ſtone of Laura. It was not without ſome difficulty, that we could remove them ſo far as to ſee that of the inſcription: nothing remained but "LAURA," . . . . . . and "*requieſcat in pace.*" No! not even her remains have been left unpolluted by the abominable monſters, that revered nothing, either ſacred, reſpectable, or admirable.

I have ſeen or heard of nothing in this

this unfortunate and ruined city that does not excite ſorrow or regret. When I was here the laſt time, I had a credit upon a reſpectable banker here, Baron Teſte. His habitation is now demoliſhed; and when I inquired after him, I was told that he was one of the thouſands of victims who had been butchered by the ferocious banditti ſent here, as their worthy brothers, by revolutionary Frenchmen.

LETTER

LETTER CXVI.

Marseilles, July, 1805.

MY LORD,

DILIGENCES from Lyons to this city, paſs through Avignon every day; but the moſt convenient and moſt reaſonable way of travelling, after you have deſcended the Rhone, is to engage with what is called *voituriers*, or a kind of coachmen and carriers, who have their own coaches and carriages, and gain their livelihood only by bringing from place to place paſſengers and luggage. They aſſail you at Avignon, in every inn by dozens, and offer you coaches, chaiſes, or places to Nice, Toulon, Marſeilles, Niſmes, Montpellier, Cette, and even to Toulouſe and Bourdeaux. You muſt bargain with them as with Jews. Their

Their coaches are generally large enough for fix infide; and they always make an agreement with thofe who firft engage them, that they have a right to fill the coach with genteel company. They then ftroll about from inn to inn, watch the arrival of the paffage-boats, or of poft-chaifes, and try to entice travellers. The coachman who brought me here, afked me for myfelf, my fervant and luggage, from Avignon to this city, fix louis d'ors, or twenty-four crowns, and he accepted of ten crowns, and would have taken eight, had I been very tenacious. Thefe men wifh much to board you on the way, and to include it in the bargain for the travelling expences; but it is beft to pay for your dinners and fuppers yourfelf, as you then will go to what inns you like, and not to thofe recommended by the coachmen; becaufe in them, you are not fo well ferved, as the

the coachman dines or ſups, and his horſes or mules feed at your expence.

The inns between Avignon and this city, are excellent and very cheap. For forty ſous, (twenty pence,) you have a dinner of two courſes, with deſſert, and good wine as much as you like to drink. For a ſupper ſerved in the ſame manner, including the price of your bed, you pay fifty ſous, (twenty five pence.) Three pence to the waiter for a dinner, and ſix pence at night to the chamber-maid, is the common douceur given by travellers.

I left Avignon at three o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Aix about eight o'clock at night; where other travellers were already at ſupper, and where I was aſked to join them. That town, on account of its ſituation, is a kind of rendezvous for all travellers from the coaſt, as well as from the interior, from Nice, Antibes, Toulon, Marſeilles, from the towns of the ma-

ritime

ritime Alps, as well as from Paris, Lyons, Switzerland, and Avignon. Among the four paſſengers in the ſame coach with me, two were exiled officers, and two gens d'armes their guards. The former were exceedingly indiſcreet, and abuſed Buonaparte and his government loudly every where, ſo much ſo, that I often ſuſpected them to be deranged in their intellects. At the ordinary at Aix, where we ſat down with about ſixty ſtrangers, they held the ſame language, and as they frequently addreſſed themſelves to me, they made me rather uncomfortable, particularly as I remarked their declamations excited attention, and I was convinced that ſome ſpies were of the party.

The coachman told us during the ſupper, that on account of the very hot weather, we muſt be ready to continue our journey about four o'clock on the next morning, and therefore

not

not to remain up too late. Before ten o'clock I was accordingly in bed, and my ſervant was lodged in a cloſet adjoining my bed-room. About midnight, ſome perſons knocked in a rude manner at my door, ordering me to open, on the part of the Emperor. Having nothing to reproach myſelf with, I got up, very calmly, and opened the door. A vulgar looking man, calling himſelf a police commiſſary, entered, attended with four gens d'armes. After looking over my own and my ſervant's paſſports, he enquired whether I was related to the exiled officers, or in what manner I was connected with them, as we were travelling together. I replied, as was the truth, that I had never ſeen them before they entered the ſame coach with me, and ſuppoſed that I never ſhould ſee them again, after I had quitted them at Marſeilles. Then,

inter-

interrupted the police commiſſary, I ſuppoſe that you can have no objection to ſign, as a witneſs, the information of two police agents preſent during your ſupper laſt night. After I had read it through, I could no longer doubt that we had been ſurrounded with ſpies, as not one of the officers expreſſions had eſcaped them. I anſwered that I had paid but little attention to what they ſaid, conſidering them as irritated by misfortunes, or imprudent or deranged by nature. "If you do not ſign," ſaid the police commiſſary, "I ſhall ſend you to the ſame priſon with them." "Softly Sir," I replied, "you dare not treat a gentleman provided with paſſes, papers, and recommendations like mine, as a criminal or as a conſpirator; you know, from my paſſports, who I am, but you have not proved to me who you are. I muſt inſiſt upon having ſome evidence that

you

you are not an impoſtor, or a midnight robber, intruding upon the reſt of innocent travellers, which without a formal denunciation, you have, according to law, no right to do.

When I ſpoke thus, I remarked that he changed colour, and ſeemed intimidated; I therefore continued to demand a ſight of his commiſſion, or orders from ſome ſuperior to act in the manner he had done. "I am going to Marſeilles, Sir," ſaid I, "and ſhall not neglect to ſend a memorial to the prefect of the department, and to the commiſſary general of the police, concerning your behaviour and language this night." "Sir," anſwered he, "I hope there is no harm; I am here in a place where one cannot be too vigilant, as emiſſaries and traitors paſs here almoſt every day from the Mediterranean, from Italy, Switzerland and Spain. I am well known as a police commiſſary

commiſſary to the gens d'armes, and to the maſter of the inn; but as your papers are in order, I have nothing more to ſay to you, but that I deſiſt from requeſting your ſignature, and that I wiſh you a pleaſant journey."

On the next morning, I little expected ſeeing the officers again, but they were before me in the coach. One of them told me that this petty police commiſſary, whoſe name I am ſorry to have forgotten, makes a handſome ſum of money in the year, by intimidating, diſturbing, detaining or arreſting paſſengers. Each of them had paid a crown piece for their want of prudence the night before; but a Spaniſh gentleman, whoſe paſſports were perfectly in order, had been frightened into the payment of ten louis d'ors for permiſſion to continue his journey. This commiſſary even ſold paſſes to thoſe who had none, but who could diſpoſe

diſpoſe of ſome few louis d'ors, while the timid or poor travellers were ſubjected to all ſorts of extortions or oppreſſions.

As no honeſt man, no man of independent mind and of honourable principles, will be the vile inſtrument of unlimited tyranny, it muſt reſort to perſons of this deſcription, and from apprehenſion of being left without ſlaves, employ beings it deſpiſes, and wink at enormities it dare not proſecute, or publiſh, for fear of expoſing its own infamy.

LETTER CXVII.

Marseilles, July, 1805.

MY LORD,

BETWEEN Avignon and this city I was ſtopped eleven times by gensd'armes, and had my paſſports inſpected by them. I lodge here at the inn called *Hotel des Ambaſſadeurs*, Rue de Bouveau, where my paſſport was, within ten minutes after my arrival, requeſted and regiſtered. I was alſo warned of the neceſſity of preſenting myſelf at the police office before 12 o'clock on the next morning, and afterwards to wait on the prefect and on the commander.

M. Permon, the commiſſary general of the police here, told me that he had made it an invariable rule never to grant ſtrangers any permiſſion of reſi-

dence for longer time than a week; that if my conduct was approved of, I ſhould encounter no difficulty in prolonging it for the period my affairs demanded, but that I muſt preſent myſelf at the police office every Monday morning before noon. This was ſo much the more diſagreeable to me, as in the anti-room of the office, I was mixed with and obliged to fraterniſe not only with a number of ſtrangers like myſelf, but with thieves, houſe breakers, aſſaſſins, forgers, and pickpockets, all collected there in maſs, and admitted each in his turn to be examined or expedited.

Beſides other perſons, for whom I had letters, I was recommended to a merchant of the name of Julien, who was particularly civil, and introduced me into two clubs, of which he was a member. Here any refreſhments might be had, and card parties were formed to

to play whiſt, l'ombre, piquet, or other games. In each of theſe clubs were alſo two billiard tables, and all the French newſpapers were taken in. Here I happened to mention one day to Julien the diſagreeable weekly viſit I ſhould be obliged to pay to the police office. "How long time do you wiſh to reſide here?" was his anſwer. "Not above ſix weeks." "Well then, give me ſix half crowns, one for each of the Mondays, and a police agent will fetch your paſsports, and bring them back to you ſigned again, and you ſhall not ſtand in need of ſhewing your face at the police office. This pretended reſtraint is nothing more than a real contribution laid on all ſtrangers who are too proud or too buſy to dance attendance at ſuch a place in ſuch a company."

I met with an American merchant of the name of Thompſon, at one of theſe

clubs; he told me, that he had during five months in the ſame manner bought off his preſence in the police office. He warned me, however, to be very careful in my converſation or expreſſions about the police, becauſe he could ſpeak from experience, having been in priſon three weeks for an indiſcretion, and five for an imprudence, and had not obtained his liberty again without ſome conſiderable pecuniary ſacrifices. As ſoon as he was admitted a member of the club, he brought there a bundle of American newſpapers, becauſe ſeveral gentlemen underſtood Engliſh, and had expreſſed a deſire to read them. Forty-eight hours afterwards, juſt as he was going to bed, a police agent, with two gensd'armes, entered his room, ſeized him and carried him before the police commiſſary, who, after examining him, committed him as an enemy of the French government, having

ving diſſeminated libels againſt it printed in American papers. After twenty days confinement, a correſpondent of his called upon him and informed him that fifty Louis d'or were neceſſary to procure his releaſe, a ſum which he paid inſtantly. Within a fortnight afterwards he went with an American captain into a coffee houſe near the harbour, where they drank rather too much liquor and punch. Prudence went away with reaſon, and they began to curſe Buonaparte for a confounded tyrant, and Frenchmen for a debaſed ſet of ſlaves. When they awoke on the next morning they found themſelves ſnugly lodged in a damp dungeon. There they were forgotten for near five weeks, and none of their friends could find them out until a police agent called on one of them, expoſing the heinous crime they had committed, which, if perpetrated in French,

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by a French ſubject, would have been followed with a capital puniſhment; he declared alſo, that *humanity* alone had prevented the police commiſſary from examining the priſoners; and that *generoſity* alone would break their irons, ſhould their friend and correſpondent judge it convenient to ſacrifice two hundred louis d'or;—a ſmall ſum for ſuch an enormity. Theſe extraordinary contributions, together with his great expences when in priſon, prevented the American from purſuing his intended journey into the interior until he obtained freſh remittances.

I am told that none of Buonaparte's public functionaries here have received any ſalaries for eighteen months paſt, but ſubſiſt either by credit, or leſs honorably, like the police commiſſary, by extortions and other acts of injuſtice and oppreſſion. Though immorality and corruption are always blameable in

in perſons in the confidence of the government, and dangerous for the examples they hold out, and for the contempt with which they muſt inſpire even a vicious people; a ruler, who by his extravagance, or for his vanity or ambition, ſquanders the wealth of the ſtate, tempts by ſuch conduct the honeſty and fidelity even of his faithful ſervants, and can have no reaſon to complain, whether juſtice is bought, or innocence ſold, and that crimes of men in office are by contemporaries, as well as by poſterity, entirely aſcribed to him. Such is the effect of Buonaparte's wrath, and ſuch the cruelty of his military deſpotiſm, that many placemen, whoſe neceſſities forced them to requeſt a ſmall part of what was due to them, have immediately been diſmiſſed, and loſt at the ſame time their places and the amount of their claims.

LETTER CXVIII.

Marseilles, July, 1805.

MY LORD,

THE police office here is in the firſt floor of the town hall, behind the exchange. The famous pictures repreſenting the dreadful ravages of the plague in this city, ninety years ago, exiſt ſtill, and are hung up in the anti-room of the police office, between the proclamation of the rights of man and of citizenſhip, and the decree of the National Convention, which declares Mr. Pitt the enemy of the human ſpecies and of mankind, and which orders alſo no quarters to be given to Britiſh and Hanoverian priſoners. Another decree, I was told, had juſt been taken down and burnt. It was that which ordered on the 21ſt of January every year, (the anniver-

anniverſary of the martyrdom of Louis XVI.) an oath of hatred to kings and of monarchy. Theſe firſt-mentioned decrees are ſet in gilt frames, and decorated with tri-coloured ribands.

In the picture where the horrors of the plague are delineated, prieſts and monks are ſeen adminiſtering the ſacrament, giving conſolation and bringing ſuccour to the ſuffering and dying, laying in groups in the ſtreets, upon the public walks and on the harbour. Revolutionary fanatics attempted, in vain, ſome years ago, to eraſe the likeneſs of perſons whoſe humanity and virtue were ſuch keen reproaches to their crimes and inhumanity; they reſolved, however, to mutilate them and diſhonour them. A dauber was engaged *by the friends of the people*, at Marſeilles, to ornament the heads of the pious biſhop, as well as the heads of all the members of the clergy, with red caps

caps and cockades of liberty. Several artiſts have lately been employed to repair theſe outrages, and have in part ſucceded, though marks of Vandaliſm muſt always remain.

The clergy in this part of France, as well as in the northern departments, are divided by an unfortunate ſchiſm; the churches of the conſtitutional prieſts are deſerted, while every Sunday or holiday, the non-juring prieſts are *forced* by the faithful to celebrate often in open fields the myſteries of the Roman Catholic religion. Their audience is always very numerous, and though they have no ſalaries, they are better ſupported than their opponents. Acts of cruelty, and of violence have been exerciſed to cauſe this religious ſcandal to ceaſe, and to produce a deſirable union in the church, but all in vain; and the people have preferred not to go to church at all, rather than to attend the maſs of

of prieſts whom they conſidered as perjured and apoſtates.

At *Ciotat*, the gensd'armes ſeized laſt year, by the order of government, a non-juring prieſt while officiating in a field, but the people releaſed him, and killed three of the gensd'armes. He was, however, taken up again ſecretly, and ordered to be tranſported. On the following Sunday the conſtitutional prieſt was aſſailed and diſpatched before the altar, and for a month the oppoſite ſectaries almoſt every day occaſioned confuſion and alarm, and numbers of perſons periſhed, until government thought it prudent to permit the non-juring clergyman to return and to officiate undiſturbed.

In many pariſhes in the ſouth of France, the Pope has been burnt in effigy with a jacobin cap on his head, and every where his buſts have been torn to pieces. He is conſidered to be

as much under the power of the devil, as under that of Buonaparte, and a caricature is hawked about among the country people, reprefenting him fraternifing between Napoleon and Belzebub. Under their figures are written thefe words: "And thefe three make but one perfon." In another caricature an angel is feen feizing his tiara from his head, the inftant he is placing an imperial diadem on the head of Buonaparte. Among a trifling nation, thefe trifles are ingenious but dangerous devices to fpread difaffection, and keep up difcontent.

Caricatures have indeed become more common here of late, and are not fo ftrictly watched as books or pamphlets. In one publicly fold near the exchange, Buonaparte is feen putting on the head of his wife an imperial crown. He is dreffed in his imperial mantle, with a wreath of laurel round his

his head, each leaf of which is transformed into a horn; under it is printed: "The compliments returned; or exchange of ornaments between a husband and his wife." You remember that Buonaparte's firſt command of an army, and of courſe his renown as a victor, was the portion he received in marrying Madame de Beauharnois, from her then lover, the director Barras.

I was told that laſt year an artiſt of the name of Gavriel, was taken up here, and tranſported, *without a trial*, to Cayenne, as the author of ſeveral offenſive carricatures. Two of theſe were ſeized by the police. They were both called, "*What I was, What I am, and what I ſhould be.*" The one repreſented Louis XVIII. in the palace he occupied before the revolution, diſtributing penſions to men of letters, alms to the poor, and happineſs to all thoſe about him. "*Such he was.*"

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He then appears in the drefs of a royal pilgrim, wandering, deferted, in fearch of home. "*Such he is.*" And "*What he fhould be*," feated upon the throne of his anceftors. In the other, Buonaparte, as a fanfculotte, is wading in blood, among mutilated corpfes, diftributing poifonous draughts to wounded foldiers. "*Such he was.*" Then with a fcepter in his hand, and a crown on his head, he commands from his throne murder and obedience. "*Such he is.*" Then he is feen "*What he fhould be*," upon a gibbet, with a halter round his neck.

As to books or pamphlets, the bookfellers all over France, are, upon the leaft fufpicion, expofed to domiciliary vifits and arbitrary imprifonments. A refpectable bookfeller here of the name of Girard, the father of fix children, was arrefted laft year by four gens d'armes, carried to Paris, and fhut up in the

the temple, where he is ſaid *to have died ſuddenly*. His crime was that a pamphlet had been diſcovered in his ſhop ridiculing Buonaparte and his expedition to Egypt. It had been printed as long ago as 1798, and Girard had forgotten that he had a copy of it left.

An American ſhip from *Iſle de France*, was under ſequeſtration laſt year, for ſeven months, and was not releaſed and reſtored to its owner before they had paid a fine of ſixty thouſand livres, 2,500*l*. becauſe on board of it were diſcovered ſome Engliſh books, in which the Buonaparte family was not treated with ſufficient *reſpect*, and their low origin expoſed. An Auſtrian veſſel from Trieſt, was alſo laid under embargo, ſome few weeks ago, and not permitted to ſail again before the maſter had paid one thouſand louis d'ors, for having on board a German tranſlation of Sir Robert Wilſon's Hiſtory of the Campaign

paign in Egypt. But a relation of all acts of persecution and oppression for a pretended violation of the laws concerning the *liberty* of the press, would fill volumes. Certain it is that though Buonaparte may sign treaties with cabinets, he will never, as long as he lives, be in peace with printing offices. He and his principal adherents have too many crimes to conceal, and too few good and generous actions to report, not to dread incessantly a publicity, which may exhibit them in their true colours.

I have heard from one of Buonaparte's public functionaries, that half of the state criminals dispatched in the temple, or transported to Cayenne, are authors, booksellers, and printers; and that as many of them are Germans, Italians and Swiss, as Frenchmen. The Emperor of the French has pardoned

doned conspirators, forgers, assassins, and even paricides, but he never yet forgave an accused author, a suspected bookseller, or a culpable printer.

LETTER

LETTER CXIX.

Marseilles, July, 1805.

MY LORD,

THE commerce of this ancient city has been deprived entirely of its former luſtre and grandeur, by a revolution that diffuſed anarchy and licentiouſneſs into all branches of the ſtate, and by revolutionary rulers that left induſtry without reward, and honeſty without protection. Many former capital houſes have been ruined by a *maximum*, by requiſitions, and by frauds committed with impunity, by individuals as well as by government. Some bankers and merchants have alſo been murdered, and others have emigrated, and carried elſewhere their riches and talents; and the few, *very few*, good houſes ſtill remaining, do but

but little bufinefs, as from the many loffes they have experienced, they do hardly any thing but for ready money.

All the French merchant veffels, that efcaped, in the beginning of the prefent war, Englifh cruizers, are laid up difmantled in the harbour, and trade is only carried on by fhips under Pruffian, Danifh, and American flags. Of thefe latter fome may be confidered as regular traders between the French colonies and the mother country, having made feveral voyages both before the laft peace, and fince the laft rupture with Great Britain. They carry here, and as I am told, to Bourdeaux, L'Orient, and Nantes, moft of the products of the French colonies, with a profit of thirty and fometimes fifty per cent. Here are alfo now four Danifh fhips that have, within two years, each made three voyages to and from Martinico and Guadaloupe, and are now

loading

loading for a fourth. Of the three Pruſſian ſhips here, I have been aſſured two belong to merchants at Dunkirk, who have procured themſelves, merely for a trifle, naturalization as Pruſſian ſubjects, and a right to trade under Pruſſian colours.

Here, as well as all over France, are privileged gambling houſes, and a ſpirit of gambling prevails among all claſſes of people, and among both ſexes. Theſe houſes are open here as at Paris and Lyons, from ten o'clock in the morning to three in the afternoon, and from five in the evening to five or ſix o'clock on the next morning. *Rouge et Noir, Le Roulette, Birribi, Trente et Quarante,* and pharao are the principal games. Whatever hour you enter theſe dens of ruin, you may be certain to find them more crowded than either the churches or the exchange.

A faſhion

A faſhion prevails here among the principal inhabitants of both ſexes, to adjourn every night, when the performance is over, from the theatre to the private gambling houſes of ſome deſerted or divorced wives, favourites of the prefect, of the commander, or of the police commiſſary. There you are preſented with ices or lemonades, and, in return, muſt ſhow your good breeding by loſing ſome louis d'ors at one or other of the gambling tables; or, if you will get off cheaper, put a double louis d'ors under the candleſtick, to pay for the cards, which was my cuſtom. In thoſe gambling houſes you may alſo, if inclined, form connections or intrigues, with ladies of eaſy virtue; provided they ſuppoſe you rich and generous. I am ſorry to ſay, that, in modern France, diſintereſted love is as ſcarce amongſt the fair ſex, as diſintereſted friendſhip is rare amongſt the other.

other. Both are now become totally unfashionable in this regenerated country, and are only found in the imaginations of writers of romance, or in the pages of novels.

A stranger, and particularly a batchelor, may, however, pass his time here very cheap and very agreeably. In the inn where I first lodged, my expences for myself and servant, amounted to nine livres per day, (three half crowns). I dined and supped at an excellent ordinary, always of three courses. Now I am in private lodgings in a first floor, furnished with light blue damask sofas, chairs, curtains, &c. and for a sitting room, bed and dressing rooms, and a bed room for my servant, I pay only fifteen livres per week, (five half crowns). When not engaged I usually dine at a restaurateur's of the name of Baudin, where for a select dinner of all the dainties of the

the ſeaſon, with a bottle of excellent wine, I ſeldom expend half a crown.

After dinner gentlemen uſually go to the clubs, or to the coffee houſes, to take their coffee and liquors, and to form a party of whiſt or piquet until the play begins. The dinner hours are here from two to three, but never later than four even with the moſt faſhionble. The theatres are open at half paſt four, and at half paſt five the performance begins. It is always over before nine o'clock. The price for boxes at the principal theatre is ſix livres (five ſhillings), but a ſtranger may, in paying before hand thirty-ſix livres (1*l.* 10*s.*), ſubſcribe for a month, and go every night to the play in any part of the houſe he chooſes. Women, and the military, pay only half that ſum, and have the ſame privileges. The performers here are as good as at Lyons, and this theatre is always well

frequented.

frequented. Another new *Theatre des Variétés* is, as at Lyons, ſtill cheaper, but chiefly reſorted to by kept women, girls of the town, and young or old libertines.

Moſt married men here, who have any means of doing ſo, keep their miſtreſſes, and make no ſecret of it to their wives. I did not, however, believe that ſcandal and adultery were carried ſo far as was reported, until one evening I went into the box occupied by the wiſe of a neutral conſul. Oppoſite, in a ſmall private box, I ſaw a young handſome woman, whoſe head was ſhining from the luſtre of her diamonds, and I enquired, rather unthinkingly, who ſhe was? "She is the miſtreſs of my huſband," replied the lady, "and lives only five doors from your lodging." As I looked at her with ſurpriſe, not knowing whether ſhe was joking or ſerious; "Do not think," ſhe

continued,

continued, "that I am telling you a ſtory; every body you aſk will confirm what I have ſaid." She ſpoke thus when ſeated between two amiable daughters, the one of eighteen, and the other twenty years of age. She remarked, no doubt, on my countenance, that I was ſorry for my blunder, and to make me in good humour with myſelf, ſhe pointed out to me half a dozen of other young women, kept by married gentlemen with whom I was acquainted. She ſaid that ſuch intrigues could not long remain ſecret in a city like Marſeilles, where the population was reduced to about one hundred thouſand ſouls. Before ſhe had left ſpeaking to me I ſaw her huſband enter the box of his miſtreſs, from which he nodded to us all, and when I went out made a ſign that he wiſhed to ſpeak with me, and I joined him. He wanted me to be of an excurſion on the water the

the next day, and to dine at a Baſtide, (as the country boxes are called here) which he had juſt taken and furniſhed for his girl; a previous engagement gave me an opportunity of declining this invitation, without giving offence. You may ſuppoſe that where women are ſo publicly kept by married men, there is no ſhame, offence, or ſcandal for a batchelor, or a ſtranger, to dine or to walk with them.

Theſe kept women muſt, as well as the girls of the town, take out their licences from the police commiſſary, for which they pay, monthly, a certain ſum, which, with his contributions from gambling houſes, and extortions from ſtrangers, makes his place more valuable than that of the prefect, or even that of the governor. He has from government only a ſalary of fifteen thouſand livres (625*l.*) per annum, which

which is ſeldom paid; but the extra revenue of his office, *per fas et nefas*, is ſuppoſed, at the loweſt calculation, to amount to eighteen thouſand livres, (750*l.*) per month.

The preſent police commiſſary, M. Permon, is much liked here, and behaves to the inhabitants with leſs oppreſſion and hauteur, than his predeceſſor, Le Cointre Puyraveaux, who was deteſted for his pillage and cruelties. He was brought up in the ſame college with Buonaparte, who in his youth was very fond of him. When firſt conſul, he tried Permon ſome time as a private ſecretary, but judged him fit for no other ſituation than the preſent, where he may enrich himſelf, without expoſing his want of genius and of talents. He gave him beſides, for an aſſiſtant, an old intriguer and police ſpy from Paris, Goudeville,

 whom

whom he made a ſecretary general of the police office, and who, no doubt, plunders his ſuperior of a part of the plunder called here *douceurs* of office.

LETTER

LETTER CXX.

Marseilles, August, 1805.

MY LORD,

A COUNTRYMAN of mine, who, in 1797, was a member of the Council of Five Hundred, gave me a letter of recommendation to his former colleague, the prefect here, Thibaudeau, with whom he then lived on very friendly terms. I have, in confequence, been invited both to his official and private parties, and been introduced by him to all the principal public functionaries of this department. It would be only a tedious repetition, were I to write down their converfations and their opinions about the prefent and the future. Indeed it looks as if, from one end of France to the other, the fame fpirit of egotifm for the

the preſent and of indifference and uncertainty about what is to come hereafter, had ſeized every man in place. They all directly or indirectly own that the fate of their country, and even their own are nearly connected with the exiſtence of Buonaparte; and evince their apprehenſions, that at his death new revolutions will produce new crimes, and new tyrants; but though they all are aware of the precarious ſtate of men and of things, and of the duty impoſed upon them as citizens, and as public functionaries, to preſerve poſterity from the horrors of our age, I have not yet diſcovered in any one courage, honeſty, diſinterestedneſs, and patriotiſm enough, to riſk their temporary advantages in propoſing or even ſhowing an inclination to join in any meaſures which might cruſh the monſter of rebellion entirely, and reſtore to their God his altars, their king

king his throne, and their contemporaries that happinefs, which without thefe exclufive pillars of order and tranquillity, they never can expect or hope for. Thibaudeau faid to me but yefterday, "My friend! follow the examples of all thofe around you all over France. They all know with me and with yourfelf the inftability of affairs of ftate and of individuals, but they all follow the fentiments of the Epicurean fect, *ede, bibe, lude*, were even *poft* Buonaparte *nulla voluptas*. I am aftonifhed that the revolution has not taught you this *philofophy*, and inftead of repeating every day, 'but what is to become of France when Napoleon is no more?' enjoy the prefent moment, which alone is yours; you cannot be certain of the next." "But with all your revolutionary philofophy, can you, after fuch your avowal, *really* enjoy the prefent moment?" replied

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I; "uncertainty muſt baniſh both content and pleaſure." "Let us my friend," he interrupted, "ceaſe to ſpeak on a ſubject, which I fear will always preſent itſelf to each of us in a different point of view, or at leaſt in which, from different opinions, we ſhall hardly agree."

Thibaudeau is one of the many men that have figured in the revolution, whoſe education and talents place them much above the multitude, but who, from want of principles, and without regard to characters, have been led by terror to dip their hands in the blood of their virtuous king, and bowed to every aſſaſſin or plunderer in power. He was formerly an advocate in Poitou, where he was elected a member both of the Conſtituent Aſſembly and of the National Convention. He was not much noted in either, though he always voted with the rebels of the for-

mer,

mer, and with the regicides of the latter. It was after the fall of Robespierre, that he began first to shew some pretensions to shine among those men, who announced themselves as staunch republicans, equally averse to royalty and to terrorism, but who since have been the panegyrists of the Jacobins, and who are now the slaves of Buonaparte. In 1795, he often declaimed in favour of the unlimited liberty of the press, and of a *perfect equality* among *all classes* of French citizens.

As a member of the Council of Five Hundred in 1796, he was more reasonable, and displayed more moderation; but in 1797, apprehensive that the many men of talents, then elected, would cloud his lustre, he began to act an equivocal part, sometimes declaring himself an adherent of the Jacobin directors, and again the partisan of their opposers. Thus he displeased or de-

deceived all parties, and was, at the revolution of the 4th of September, 1797, near falling a victim to his own artifice. His name was already upon the lift among thofe condemned by the Directorial Triumvirate to tranfportation, when fome friends reminded the victorious faction, that on the 23d preceding June he had oppofed thofe, who wanted to call the Directors to the bar of the Councils; and he was faved. In 1800, Buonaparte made him a privy counfellor, and laft year appointed him a prefect of this department, where the removal of his predeceffor was abfolutely neceffary.

At the beginning of the revolution nobody exactly knew who the late prefect, La Croix, was. He had been pufhed forward by the Jacobins as a firm patriot; and his own impudence fupplied the place of natural or acquired abilities. As a member of the

National

National Convention, he voted for the death of his king, and for all other violent or cruel deeds of that Aſſembly. He was on miſſions in the departments with Barras and Rewbel, and therefore when thoſe two regicides were elected Directors, they nominated him a miniſter of the foreign department, out of which place he was, in 1797, ſwindled by the crafty intriguer Talleyrand. In 1799 Buonaparte found him an ambaſſador in Holland, a poſt from which he was recalled; but by cringing, and by the charms of one of his daughters, Lucien Buonaparte was prevailed upon to procure him this prefecture. Here he became very popular, both for diſapproving the conduct of Le Cointre, the police commiſſary, and for evincing a real or affected zeal for the proſperity of this city. During his adminiſtration, it has certainly been very much improved in

cleanlinefs and in embellifhments. Two rows of trees have been planted, quite round the city, in imitation of the Boulevards at Paris, and will, if taken care of, in fome few years, form one of the moft pleafant and agreeable walks of this part of France; feveral fountains, that had during the revolutionary anarchy fallen to decay, have been re-eftablifhed, and all the high roads, which were almoft impaffable, have been repaired by him.

Laft fummer he took a fancy for riding, though he was but an indifferent horfeman. Being thrown off his horfe one day, he diflocated his fhoulder. A furgeon was fent for, but he declared himfelf unable to fet it until he was naked, that it might be examined properly; but what was difcovered upon the prefect's fhoulder, when the fhirt was taken off!—the mark of a red hot iron, by which fome public

execu-

executioner had imprinted that he was a thief and forger!!! This accident of his worthy reprefentative, in the department of *Des Bouches du Rhone*, obliged Napoleon the Firft to remove him to Bourdeaux; but the furgeon was alfo at the fame time taken up, carried to Paris, and has not fince been heard of.

To fuch curious and extraordinary adventures Thibaudeau owes his deputy fovereignty of this part of the French empire.

LETTER CXXI.

Marseilles, August, 1805.

MY LORD,

GENERAL CERVONI, who is the commander of the eighth military divifion of the French empire, has his head quarters here, and is an agreeable and good looking officer, about forty years of age. A Corfican by birth, and fon of a miller, he enlifted into the fervice of the king of Sardinia twenty years ago, and was a corporal when he deferted over to France, and became a foldier of the regiment of *Royal Italien*; with a company of it he was quartered at Ajacio, where he formed an intrigue with one of Buonaparte's fifters, the prefent Princefs Santa Cruce, who ran away with him, but whom being una-

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ble to fupport, he fent back to her mother, after an intimacy of three months. In 1794, his countryman Salicetti, made him a general, and he offered to marry his former miftrefs, when he was ordered with his regiment to Guadaloupe. He did not return from that colony before the fortune of her brother had already made her a princefs. As fhe however continued to fhew an inclination for her firft lover, Buonaparte, when a Firft Conful, to keep him at a diftance from Paris and Rome, promoted him to his prefent poft. Here he is both beloved and refpected, being equally averfe to corruption and to oppreffion. He invites all foreigners of any confequence to his table, where nothing is feen either of oftentation, extravagance, or of their unavoidable confequences in a revolutionary country, pillage, or extortion.

In his houfe I made acquaintances with

with the Generals Pelletier, Guillot, Launay, Motte, Schilt, Morengié, and Pafcalis, who all feemed more or lefs to have worn off the ruft of the meannefs of their birth, and of the errors of their youth. Though upftarts, they were unaffuming, and though wealthy, modeft, and not infolent. From their converfation a perfon might have fuppofed himfelf in the company of *ci-devant* nobles, ruined and humbled by the revolution, and therefore cordially detefting it. The future was alfo never in their thoughts; they were as tranquil externally as if Buonaparte were immortal, and his favour unchangeable.

The general of brigade, Bizanet, is the governor of this city. I have been invited to dine with him twice, and have often laughed with him at the different half comical and half tragical parts that many of our great

and

and fashionable men of the day have within twelve or fifteen years performed and forgotten. He has by valour and capacity, and not by crimes or plots, advanced himself from the ranks to his present situation. He has often repeated to me, during our walks in this delightful climate, either on the port or on the course, that was he certain of being emperor of the French by robbing a single individual, or by stabbing one disarmed enemy, he would, were he reduced to the necessity of choosing, rather descend again into the ranks pure and irreproachable, than owe his elevation to acts which every honest man must abhor, and which no good man perpetrates.

He permitted me some days ago to be present at his review of the galley slaves, who are here now very numerous, amounting to upwards of twelve hundred. Of these some were assassins,

ſins, ſome forgers, ſome houſe-breakers, ſome pickpockets, ſome deſerters, *ſome conſcripts*, and the *greateſt number beggars.*

To put a young conſcript, who conceals himſelf from a military ſervice he diſlikes, and which in every free and civilized country he cannot be obliged to perform, upon the ſame level with him who plunges his dagger into the boſom of innocence, or with him who daſtardly wrote the name of a man he openly dared not plunder, is equally cruel and unjuſt. What would the public feeling be in any other free country, for example, in Great Britain, were a preſſed landſman, when overtaken after having eſcaped from kidnappers, to be condemned to work in the ſame galley, or row the ſame oar with the reſpited aſſaſſin or robber?

But what is ſtill more abominable, the puniſhment of beggary and pover-

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ty is fimilar to that inflicted upon guilt. Of the galley flaves feven hundred and fixty were accufed of no other *crime* but that of begging; and had without any trial, merely upon a mandate of the minifter of police, been taken up, put on board the gallies, there to labour with the vileft and moft wicked of criminals.

After I had left Flanders, and particularly at Paris and at Lyons, I was rather furprized at not feeing more diftreffed perfons begging alms in the ftreet. Having heard how great the general mifery was, it often occurred to me, that the poor wretches in France were fo terrified by a fanguinary police, as to prefer ftarving in obfcurity, to fhowing publicly and with danger a mifery which might be alleviated, but which might alfo be encreafed. I was not quite miftaken in my conjectures.

General

General Bizanet told me, that Buonaparte ſent orders from Mentz, in October laſt year, to the police miniſter, Fouché, at Paris, to have *removed* from the ſight of the Pope, and of the thouſands of other ſtrangers he expected to witneſs his coronation, all beggars or poor perſons infeſting the ſtreets or high roads. Fouché immediately commanded the prefect of the police at Paris, and all the police commiſſaries of the provinces, to have ſeized and committed into certain depots all individuals of the above deſcription. According to report the number taken up all over France exceeded ſixty-two thouſand perſons, of both ſexes, including women and children. As ſuch a great number required large extra expences from government for their ſupport, Fouché in a circular letter ordered, that all the poor of the male ſex above twelve and

under

under fixty ſhould be ſent to work the galleys, and all women and children employed in houſes of correction, until a general peace would make the ſeas free enough to have them tranſported to the colonies. But the moſt atrocious of the whole in this inhuman tyranny is the neglect of government to provide for innocent and unfortunate perſons thus confined. I heard from good authority, that thoſe who are condemned, confined, or impriſoned, are in the ſame miſerable manner left deſtitute for the want of funds, as thoſe ſuffering in hoſpitals; and that they periſh daily by ſcores from inanition, and want of ſuſtenance! And ſuch barbarities are the outrages of a pretended grand government of a grand nation!!!

LETTER

LETTER CXXII.

Marseilles, August, 1805.

MY LORD,

THE education, (if it is not to proſtitute that word,) is here as every where elſe, military. The youth are made expert in killing human creatures, but their minds are left void of all notions of a Supreme Being. Viſit any primary or ſecondary ſchools, or any of the many prytanées, you will imagine yourſelf in watch-houſes or brothels, from the language of profanation and debauchery which ſtrikes your ears. Should you expreſs any ſurpriſe, any regret, or utter any complaints, thoſe infant dæmons will aſſail and torment you like furies, make your ſtay inſupportable, and your retreat diſguſting. I aſked a young boy about

about twelve, with an open and pleafing countenance, whether any almoner was attached to their prytanée? "No Sir," replied he, "but we have fix drill ferjeants, four drummers, and two captains. Almoners, Sir, did not extend the limits of the French Empire to the Rhine, and on the other fide of the Alps, but foldiers—and foldiers who never went to a mafs, faid a prayer, nor believed in God. We do not care about being revered as faints; but our valour and tactics will force mankind to refpect and admire us as warriors." Thefe were, as near as I can remember, his very words; he finifhed his converfation with fome blafphemous and indecent expreffions, it is impoffible to repeat, and which were much applauded by all thofe around him.

When I complained to the head mafter of the boy's impertinent and

indecent behaviour, he anfwered, "Sir, I have no power to remedy it, but the boy, with whom you fpoke, is the moft civil and decent of the five hundred I have under my direction." Judge from this how the other boys would have converfed with me!

It is certainly Buonaparte's intent to make this a military nation *in toto*, and within ten years he will, by the progrefs already made, be enabled, in fix weeks, to triple his regular troops with confcripts, and other young men, as able and well drilled as his old foldiers. In the military education which Buonaparte has organized for the French youth, Europe and the world may read their doom; they will foon have no choice left but between the moft oppreffive flavery, or eternal wars.

No claffes of fubjects of this country are exempted from confcriptions; even the few that, in the prefent age of infidelity,

delity, would be inclined to enter into a despised and ungrateful priesthood, must serve themselves or procure substitutes. From what I have heard and seen, during my present journey, I am more than ever convinced, that the "*ecrassons l'Infame*" of Voltaire, has never ceased to be the order of the day among his sectaries; and that Christianity in France approaches every day nearer to its extinction. Buonaparte and Talleyrand are too politic to knock on the head, at once, a religion of eighteen centuries. But the degradation of Christianity in the person of its ostensible chief, has produced the same revolution in religious sentiments, as the humiliation and murder of the head of the kingdom of France, had already done in political ones; and most Frenchmen are therefore religious as well as political freethinkers. But, if I am not misinformed, Talleyrand

 said,

faid, even when the Pope ftill fraternized with Buonaparte in the Thuilleries, " Chriftianity in France will defcend into the tomb, without giving either alarm, or making any noife, becaufe the prefent generation of the French clergy will leave no pofterity behind them. Their faith is buried with them, and no refurrection of either is to be apprehended by the friends of philofophy." Indeed when one remembers that all the prefent French priefts muft be now either old, or above the middle age, as fince 1790 hardly any young Frenchmen have entered into orders, it is not improbable that within twenty or thirty years, the prefent altars of Chrift here will be deferted for want of fervants to officiate.

After mufing on the above and other fubjects, when I returned home, a ftranger was waiting for me, and delivered to me a note, of which the following

lowing lines are a copy: "If you, Sir, recollect an old acquaintance, you know that I have ſeen better days, and if you were convinced of the ſincerity of thoſe ſentiments I more than once profeſſed in your company, you muſt know, that though the revolution might ruin me, it had not, according to all human probabilities, the power to diſhonour me. But ſo it is however: by unaccountable and complicated misfortunes I am both beggared and diſgraced, though without any fault of mine; were it otherwiſe, you ſhould never hear from me. Aſk the bearer of this, or myſelf, no queſtions, becauſe you will receive no anſwers. I requeſt you, by theſe lines, to *make me a preſent* of ſome few louis d'ors, which will relieve truly great diſtreſs. I ſay *make me a preſent*; I fear that I ſhall never have it in my power to repay them. Judge of my circumſtances when I de-

 ſcend

ſcend thus; but I ſhould never have expoſed my miſery to a perſon I did not eſteem, and I am ſure that I am not miſtaken in my opinion with regard to you." It was ſigned Baron de F——.

Of this nobleman I had received no information for many years, and, notwithſtanding my repeated inquiries during my late ſtay at Lyons, in the vicinity of which he had formerly two large eſtates, nobody could tell me what was become of him. But as I knew the ſale of his property by the national banditti, I ſuppoſed alſo that he had fallen their victim. I gave a trifle to the meſſenger, and offered, in an anſwer to the note, any humble ſervices I could perform, or that were within my reach. Not an indelicate curioſity, but the hopes of being uſeful to a deſerving character, made me alſo order my ſervant to follow the meſſenger

ger at a diftance, and to try to find out the abode of the baron.

"Good God!-Sir! faid my fervant, returning pale and agitated, " either you have been impofed upon, or the Baron is a galley flave. I accompanied the meffenger, unperceived, firft into the fort St. Jean, where you know the galley flaves have their dungeons; there he enquired after the prifoner Battici, and was told that he was already on the galley La Forte, No. 19, affifting to cleanfe the harbour. I faw him fpeak there with a bald-headed man about fifty, chained to another flave, and deliver to him your note and money. I know I am not miftaken, but I fufpect that you have been cheated."

In my turn, ftruck with aftonifhment, I fent my fervant back again to get a better fight of the galley flave, and to be informed of his name, and the

the caufe of his punifhment. The more traits I recollected of the Baron's noble fentiments, the more I doubted of the truth of the report of my fervant; but, on the other hand, the content of his note, and the defcription of his perfon, feemed to confirm what I fo fincerely wifhed not to be true. Perfons accuftomed to the fmooth way of profperity, little know, I thought, whether, when they are upon the rugged path of adverfity, they will have fortitude enough to refift the temptations of poverty, and to preferve their rectitude unimpeached. If the Baron de F—— is criminal, whofe virtue will then misfortunes refpect.

My fervant relieved, in part, my anxiety, or rather it gave way to my indignation. I could no longer doubt that my unfortunate friend was the galley flave, but I had alfo the confolation to know that he was ftill worthy my

my friendſhip, and no diſgrace to his birth. "He is only," ſaid my ſervant, "condemned to the gallies until he can be tranſported to the colonies. He has been ſent there by the police as *ſuſpected* of begging."

I immediately called on the governor, General Bizanet, and related to him the cruel diſcovery I had made, and claimed from his juſtice and humanity the Baron's releaſe as ſoon as poſſible, if it was true that the tyranny of the police had confined him as guilty of a crime, while he was only ſuſpected by it of what laws neither could prevent, nor had power to puniſh.

On the ſame afternoon the chains of my poor friend were broken, and he came to ſee me. He related to me that laſt November, he was unexpectedly ſeized in an obſcure lodging at Niſmes, where, under the name of Battiei,

tiei, he taught young children writing and drawing, for his own ſupport. This he proved to the police commiſſary who arreſted him upon ſuſpicion that he ſubſiſted by begging; but he was nevertheleſs condemned to tranſportation, and in expectation of it to work on the gallies. There he found three of his former acquaintances, like himſelf, ruined noblemen, whoſe crime was poverty, brought upon them by the revolution; one of whom, the ſon of a ci-devant duke, he only left behind alive, the other two had died broken hearted, or from diſtreſs. "For my part," continued he, "I was reſolved to live, and to experience how far the viſitation of heaven would purſue me; and had not famine been added to my other ſufferings, no living ſoul ſhould have heard from me; my mind would then have been more calm in the galley, than Buonaparte's can be

upon

upon his ufurped throne, though the brutal keeper chained me to a Genoefe, (at whofe fide I paffed the night in a dungeon and the day at the oar) who boafted perpetually that before he was fentenced to the gallies in France, for houfe breaking, he had been condemned to death, for ftabbing, with a dagger, fix individuals of his own country, where the arrival of the French troops procured him his releafe, as a perfecuted patriot. But even the aggravation of mifery which fuch a companion muft inflict, would not have altered the firmnefs of my mind; and it was to efcape the effects which hunger might have upon it, that induced me to commit the error of writing to you. Had I forefeen the confequences, you fhould however never have known my infamous degradation."

In vain did I tell him, that in my eyes, and in the opinion of every good

and generous perſon, his misfortunes had, by his late unjuſt ſufferings, obtained a new luſtre, and inſtead of being aſhamed of them, he ſhould be proud of the manner in which he had ſupported them. He ſeemed inconſolable at the diſcovery, though I told him that General Bizanet had charged me to invite him to dinner upon the next day, as a teſtimony to his conſtancy and virtue, and where I hoped that his preſence would be a living evidence to Buonaparte's public functionaries of the barbarity of their maſter's government. He neither declined nor accepted of the invitation, nor of the propoſal which I made him to join a relation of mine at Bruſſels, where he might paſs his days comfortably, but promiſed that I ſhould hear from him the next morning.

Juſt when I had ſet down to breakfaſt the waiter of the *Hotel des Ambaſ-*

ſadeurs,

ſadeurs, where I had recommended him lodgings, called upon me, very much agitated, telling me that my friend had that moment ſhot himſelf, and that upon his table were left ſome few lines addreſſed to me. I went inſtantly to the hotel, but found my friend a corpſe. In the note, he wrote, " A man who ſurvives his honour, is always a contemptible wretch; the day on which a cruel or indifferent Providence permitted me to be ſent to the gallies, it indicated the term of my exiſtence. I have lived too long for honour, ever ſince the 12th of laſt November, and I puniſh myſelf for it. I do not implore heaven to avenge my untimely end on the vile uſurper, or on the vile inſtruments of his uſurpation; they are all more unhappy and more to be pitied than myſelf. They muſt already, upon earth, ſuffer the pangs of hell, and can-

not either live or die as tranquil as your unfortunate friend."

The injuſtice and cruelty of the government towards my friend, could no longer (notwithſtanding the endeavours of the police) be kept ſecret; I heard even at the prefect's and governor's tables, imprecations againſt a tyrant, who, to conceal from foreigners the wretchedneſs of his ſlaves, outrages even inhumanity itſelf.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIII.

Lyons, August, 1805.

MY LORD,

ON the receipt of your letter, I began my preparations for leaving Marſeilles, but on account of the heavy and mountainous roads I have been five days in travelling one hundred and twenty leagues. I took places in the diligence, both as the moſt convenient, ſafeſt and cheapeſt, and I am not ſorry for it; my companions being loyal as well as amiable.

Notwithſtanding the number of Buonaparte's ſpies, a traveller never ſits down at an ordinary or enters a diligence, without hearing directly diſcontents and complaints of his government. At Marſeilles, as every where elſe, we were ſtopped at the gate in leav-

ing

ing it, and aſked by a police agent for our paſſes. This, as uſual, cauſed many murmurs and ſome curſes. When we were permitted to go on, one of the paſſengers exclaimed, how ſoon ſhall this Corſican tyranny ceaſe, and how long ſhall thirty millions of Frenchmen patiently endure to be oppreſſed, and inſulted, becauſe the ſafety of the uſurpation of a foreigner requires ſuch outrages?"

Beſides him who ſpoke we were nine more inſide paſſengers, ſtrangers to each other; but he was joined by ſeveral voices, all calling out that it was abominable! ſhameful, &c. A lady about thirty ſaid, that before the revolution ſhe had travelled all over France twice, and never knew what a paſs was, nor heard the mention of a paſs any where on the road; but that at preſent it was unſafe to croſs even the ſtreets without a paſſport in one's pocket. "I

am

am an embroiderer and dreſsmaker," ſhe ſaid, " and buſineſs of importance to me, required my preſence at Lyons laſt week; but as I had neglected to renew my paſs laſt year, ſo many obſtacles were held out, and ſo many formalities were requiſite, that had I incurred ſuſpicion of being a female Georges, more precautions could not have been taken to let me paſs to the interior. At laſt, after the loſs of ten days vain attendance, I offered the ſecretary of the police office a double louis d'or, not to keep me any longer in ſuſpence. He put my money coldly into his pocket, ſaying, that had I brought ſuch evidence laſt week I ſhould long ago have been expedited. Can any robbery of the Buonapartiſts be more barefaced, or their oppreſſion more provoking? Becauſe I did not ſooner offer a bribe of two louis, I am expoſed to loſe as many hundreds,

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by not arriving in time, where bufinefs and profit were waiting for me." "And I," faid another paffenger, a gentleman, "though no objection could be made to the legality of my pafs, was neverthelefs not only detained but imprifoned for a fortnight, becaufe the police commiffary and his fecretary took it into their heads that I I was five or fix years younger than my paffport ftated, and of courfe was of the age of confcription, and perhaps, a deferted confcript. I did not get off fo cheap as the lady. It coft me ten louis d'ors, before I could convince the gentlemen, or rather the robbers, of the police, that I was as old as I am." Here again the exclamations againft Buonaparte and his expenfive and troublefome tyranny became general.

During the firft day prudence prevented me from joining in the conver-

fation,

ſation, but as little as I could not decently avoid. I recollected the occurrences at Abbeville and at Autun, and was beſides warned by a friend in office, at Marſeilles, to be upon my guard, as government had lately iſſued freſh orders to its police agents and gens d'armes, to uſe the ſame vigilance with travellers going to the interior, as with thoſe travelling towards the frontiers.

One of the paſſengers was a Poliſh nobleman, whom the laſt partition of Poland had made a Pruſſian ſubject, and who was provided with a Pruſſian paſs. He travelled both for his health and for his pleaſure, and ſeemed to be very much upon his guard, he had nevertheleſs, been impriſoned as ſuſpected of being a Ruſſian or Engliſh ſpy, both at Havre, Nantes, Toulouſe and Montpelier, and only recovered his liberty by ſubmitting to pecuniary extortions. He told

told me of a countryman of his, who has remained ſince laſt April, impriſoned at Bourdeaux, notwithſtanding the reclamation of the Pruſſian ambaſſador, the Marquis of Lucchiſini, and the order of the miniſter of Police Fouche. The Police commiſſary, at Bourdeaux, as an excuſe for not obeying the commands of his ſuperior, always pretends to have made ſome new diſcoveries confirming his former ſuſpicion of the Pruſſian priſoner being a ſpy, though he at the ſame time almoſt weekly repeats his offer made four months ago, to ſet him at liberty for a douceur of fifty louis d'ors, which he has more than once hinted, that he ſhould be obliged to ſhare with the miniſter.— When the ſubjects of Pruſſia, the moſt favoured of all foreigners here, are thus treated, what muſt thoſe of other ſtates endure? And indeed the Poliſh nobleman aſſured me, that in all parts of

France

France, where he had been, his relations with foreign conſuls and diplomatic agents have procured him a doleful confirmation of this fact, that hundreds of foreigners have either already periſhed or ſtill ſuffer in French dungeons under different pretences. Even tortures have been reſorted to, in order to extort, as it has been ſaid, confeſſions of ſuppoſed guilt, but in fact only to plunder them of their property. What makes it ſo much the more dangerous for foreigners to viſit France under the reign of Buonaparte, is his ſtrict order to diſpatch ſecretly, every one of them whom the racks have mutilated, whoſe torments have been too great, and who are ſuſpected of any intention when releaſed, to expoſe his infamy, and the horrors of their ſufferings.

It may be thought perhaps, that theſe violences and this pillage are the private acts and private crimes of cruel

or

or greedy men in place, and unknown to Buonaparte; on the contrary, though he has been officially informed by neutral and friendly ambaſſadors, of the ſufferings of their countrymen travelling in France, not a ſingle police commiſſary, prefect or governor, has yet been puniſhed or even reprimanded for them. A ruler of Buonaparte's unlimited authority, when he does not reſent and chaſtiſe the perpetrations of crimes, muſt partake the reproach, the infamy, and the culpability of the criminals.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIV.

Geneva, September, 1805.

MY LORD,

THE public ſpirit is ſtill more excellent for the reſtoration of order in the Southern than in the Northern part of France. The death of Buonaparte, and the adroitneſs and popularity of ſome loyal chief, are only requiſite to make France happy, and other ſtates ſecure. I will defy the moſt zealous friend of the preſent government, and of its chief, to viſit a village, town or city, an inn, a hotel, a coffee-houſe, a reſtaurateur; a public walk or a theatre, without hearing murmurings, complaints, and often curſes againſt them both; with expreſſions of regret on the recollection of former times, and of wiſhes that theſe may

ſoon

ſoon return. Volney has juſtly ſaid, "that the French were a talkative and goſſiping people;" notwithſtanding Buonaparte's ſpies, gaols and executioners, they ſpeak and will ſpeak when in crowds or in parties, where they hope to meet with fellow feeling, both of his atrocities and of their execrations of them; but they will do nothing but ſpeak, and will not ſacrifice an hour of pleaſure, or a louis d'or of their property, in an attempt to be releaſed from their ſufferings, or relieved of their burdens. They ſeem all to expect, that ſome ſupernatural power will, without their interference, put an end to their afflictions. Such a people ſeems as if created to be the moſt ſubmiſſive of ſlaves, but will never know how to enjoy the bleſſings of freedom.

I have in different letters related the opinions, the egotiſm or the apathy of Buonaparte's public functionaries; they

all ferve him for themfelves, but neither from any affection to him, nor from any love of their country. They would with the fame indifference and felfifhnefs be the valets or flaves of a Marat, or a Robefpierre, or the fubjects of their legitimate prince; if their private intereft required it, they would as foon put on the *carmagnole*, red cap or a white cockade as Buonaparte's ribbands and ftars of his legion of honour. Patriotifm they have none; and the only reafon why I fuppofe that they really would prefer a Louis XVIII. to a Napoleon the Firft, is that their continuance in office and in receiving emoluments, would be more fecure under the former than under the latter, if a king of France, promifed, as he probably would do, not to make any changes at his reftoration.

The want of hands in the South of France has prevented the cultivation of

of lands in the manner they were before the revolution; and women perform six eighths of what little labour is done. They are even now employed in such a manner as the sex of France would never have submitted to before. They plough, hew wood, make instruments of husbandry, shoe horses; and in three places in Dauphiny, women were the postillions of our diligence, drank brandy, smoked tobacco, and swore as currently as the best trained male postillion of France.

I travelled in a postchaise between Lyons and this city. The roads are excellent, though mountainous, the inns are very good, and the people, as far as I could judge, loyal, detesting the revolution, and disaffected to the military despotism of the present government. In asking the postillion who drove my chaise from Lyons, why they proceeded so slowly to repair the ruins

of

of that city, particularly thoſe of the Place Bellecourt; "Place Buonaparte, you mean," replied he. "Well! to tell you the truth, it was more eaſy for Buonaparte's ſovereign in 1793, Couthon, to order demolitions, than for our ſovereign Buonaparte in 1805, to encourage or command re-eſtabliſhments, when he, his family, court and army conſume all the riches of France, "How can you call Couthon, Buonaparte's ſovereign?" Every body at Lyons knows, that Buonaparte's commiſſion of 1793 as a colonel of artillery, was ſigned by Couthon, then a member of the Committee of Public Safety, the ſovereign of France; and you cannot be ignorant of the fact, that when Couthon afterwards came to Lyons, as a repreſentative of the people, with a hammer in his hands he knocked at the corner houſe of one of the ſides of the Place de Bellecourt, and command-

ed, *in the name of the law*, their *immediate* demolition. Within twenty-four hours six houses, by the number of workmen put into requisition, were reduced to rubbish. Five years are now passed since Buonaparte laid the first stone for their *immediate* rebuilding, and three houses are not finished, nor can the whole square be, as it was formerly, in fifty years to come, because who can be sure that some other Couthon may not succeed Buonaparte, and demolish them again." The remarks of the postillion not only contained historical truths, but judicious and proper conclusions.

LETTER

LETTER CXXV.

Geneva, September, 1805.

MY LORD,

BETWEEN this city and Lyons I was ſtopped no leſs than twelve times, by police agents and by gens d'armes, to exhibit my paſſport. At the gate here I was alſo *reviewed*, if I may uſe the expreſſion, by a perſon of the police office, who finding my papers in order, aſked me for a douceur, and for the name of the inn where I intended to lodge.

I went to the *Hotel la Balance*, where I lodged for fourteen weeks, fifteen years ago. The perſons who kept it then were now no more; but their ſucceſſors are equally civil, accommodating, and their charges as cheap. I pay here at the ſame rate which I did

at Lyons and at Marſeilles. My paſſports were here again regiſtered, and I was again told to wait on the prefect, the commander, and the police commiſſary, before noon on the next day, to obtain permiſſion to paſs ſome few days here.

I was a ſtranger to M. Barante the prefect, but had formerly been in company with M. Maurice, the mayor, and he was obliging enough to accompany me to the prefecture. M. Barante received me civilly, and granted me leave to reſide here a fortnight, and longer if I deſired. He told me, however, at the ſame time, that on account of the preſent unſettled ſtate of affairs on the continent, he had lately been ordered by the Emperor of the French to be particularly vigilant with regard to ſtrangers.

From the prefecture I went to General Morand Dupuch, the commander

at

at Geneva, ſtill accompanied by M. Maurice. Here alſo I met with the ſame civilities, and with the ſame courteſy. In the anti-room of this general I had, however, a curious encounter.

In 1791 the courier I then had, got married here, and I inquired among my acquaintances for ſome perſon to replace him. One morning in July, the ſame year, the late Duke de Nivernois ſent me a young man of the name of Batazat, the ſon of a corn chandler, whom he recommended for honeſty and ſobriety. He entered my ſervice, and remained with me until the latter part of Auguſt 1792, when, without giving me any warning, he left me, or rather deſerted. His conduct was ſo much the more inexplicable to me, as he had always conducted himſelf with the greateſt fidelity and propriety, and that I had ſtill in my hands ſix months wages due to him. I wrote to the

Duke de Nivernois on this ſubject, but all my inquiries were in vain, and I ſuppoſed that ſome accident had deprived me of the ſervices of this honeſt man.

Since that time I have never been able to procure the leaſt information concerning him, until I met him at the houſe of General Morand Dupuch, in the uniform of an officer of the ſtaff. His ſurpriſe, I dare ſay, was equal to my own. After ſome ſeeming heſitation, he advanced towards me, and aſked me whether I would honour him with my addreſs, and permit him to wait on me. Moſt undoubtedly, I anſwered; I am your debtor, and ſhall always be glad to ſee you. "As to debtor," replied he, bluſhing, "I am your's, Sir; without your kind care of my youth and education, I ſhould not have been what I am. I gave you reaſon to think, thirteen years ago, that I muſt be

be a very ungrateful wretch; but, like many other young men, I was led aftray by enthufiafm, and for imaginary liberty and equality, renounced real happinefs and comfort. Thank God! however, that I am ftill alive, and able to convince you that your former kindnefs was not thrown away upon an unworthy perfon."

In an hour after I had quitted Morand Dupuch, Batezat called upon me. It was with difficulty I could make him fit down in my prefence. He told me that when he deferted my fervice in 1792, two other young men deluded him to enlift in a battalion of volunteers, marching for the frontiers. In the firft engagement he was wounded and made a prifoner by the Auftrians, who fent him to Bohemia, where he remained until 1795, when he was exchanged. In 1796, General Moreau, obferving that he had fome education,

made him a lieutenant, but during the retreat in the latter part of the ſummer of that year, he was again wounded and made a priſoner, and remained ſuch until the peace of Campo Formio. In 1800, Buonaparte advanced him to the rank of captain, and at the battle of Marengo he was wounded a third time, in charging with the reſerve under General Deſaix, who fell almoſt in his arms. After the peace of Luneville, when recovered from his wounds, Buonaparte appointed him commander of Mont Cenis. He has ſince married the daughter of a reſpectable Piedmonteſe gentleman, by whom he has two children: he intreated me as a favour to viſit him in his government, that I might be convinced that he regarded himſelf ſtill as my valet.

Such examples of modeſty and of grati-

gratitude are ſcarce at all times, but particularly ſince the infamous revolution diſſolved or polluted all juſt and honourable feelings.

LETTER CXXVI.

Geneva, September, 1805.

MY LORD,

I HAD a letter of recommendation and credit to a banker here, M. P——, with whom I had been acquainted fifteen years ago, at the houſe of M. Hoffman, a banker at Baſle. He not only invited me to his houſe in town, but to his country reſidence at Fernay, a place ſo famous for being the lordſhip of the celebrated Voltaire.

If any true, zealous, and diſintereſted republicans have exiſted, or ſtill exiſt upon the Continent of Europe, the republic of Geneva has produced them. The ſmallneſs of its territory, and the ſmall number of its citizens, made it poſſible to eſtabliſh and maintain a form of

of government impracticable and destructive in all ſtates, where each inhabitant cannot be a guardian of the morality of the community at large, as well as of that of his neighbour. The Calviniſt religion, which teaches not only a Chriſtian, and religious, but political equality of rights, made the citizens of Geneva the natural foes of all ſocial ſuperiority, and enthuſiaſts in a government; chimerical and impracticable every where, in all parts of the world, except within their own petty republic.

Until 1792, the republic of Geneva looked to the kings of France as their natural protectors, and to the kings of Sardinia as their hereditary enemies. But no ſooner was Louis XVI. dethroned by pretended French Republicans, than they ſaw their error, and were very near becoming the victims of it. The Jacobin

General Montesquieux, who did not hesitate to invade Savoy in time of peace, by an unexpected scruple refused to *bury the city of Geneva in its lake*, according to the orders of the executive council of the National Convention. This disobedience preserved the precarious existence of this petty republic, for six years longer; but from the treatment its agents received in France, it might easily have been foreseen, what its ultimate destiny would be, when time and circumstances permitted the regicide French government to carry into effect its long meditated plots. At last, in 1798, during a time of profound peace, it was invaded, conquered, and incorporated with the most immoral and slavish nation upon the globe.

Since that period, its public spirit has decayed, its industry ceased, its commerce has been ruined, its liberty annihi-

annihilated, and its profperity banifhed. Within twenty years the citizens of Geneva will be as abject, as idle, as beggarly, as flavifh and as corrupt as their French brothers. The contagion of meannefs and of vice fpreads always fafter, and takes a firmer footing than examples of virtue, liberality and morality.

At the country houfe of the banker P——, an ancient magiftrate of Geneva was of the party. He was a contemporary of J. J. Rouffeau, had been his friend, continued the immutable adherent of his doctrine, and remained an irreconcileable foe to tyrants and flaves, and of courfe to Buonaparte, and to Frenchmen.

" I have, fir," faid he to me, " feen thirteen years too many as a chaftifement for my fins. Had I expired on the 10th of Auguft 1792, the eyes of my exalted imagination would, in their

laft

laſt moments, have contemplated nothing but a regenerating univerſe advancing towards perfection. Frenchmen proclaimed themſelves the reſtorers of univerſal liberty ; I was fool enough to believe them ſerious : they offered fraternity to all people ; I thought them ſincere : and they announced their tenets of perfect equality ; and I profeſſed myſelf their admirer. What a perfidy, what a duplicity, what a treachery, and what a conſpiracy againſt ſociety ! Within ſome few years pretended and hypocrical friends of liberty in France, have done more miſchief, and have been guilty of greater violence againſt the freedom of mankind, than the power, oppreſſion, proſcription, and ſeduction of tyrants for ages. Good God ! that I ſhould live to have no longer a country ; that I ſhould ſee the day when, in my native country, I was a

fettered

fettered ſtranger, a vile ſlave of an infamous foreigner: when I dared not utter a word for fear that it might be caught by an informer, or expreſs a lamentation that a ſpie might not transform it into high treaſon! But I fear, that I begin to be as debaſed and as ſelfiſh as my oppreſſors. What are my individual feelings compared to the ſufferings of the community at large? Can I, an old man, on the borders of eternity, utter lamentations, without ſhame or weakneſs, when the community at large, which can never periſh, is agoniſing? What am I! humble and obſcure—I—compared to the hundreds of thouſands of preſent and future generations, made wretched by the perpetrations and abominations of our days. Had ſome noble minded ambitious deſpot, had the proud but elevated Louis XIV. or the meek, but virtuous Louis XVI. deſtroyed the liberty

berty of my dear—dear country, I ſhould have ſighed, cried, and perhaps murmured; but at leaſt theſe patricides and liberticides could not have vilified the yoke impoſed:—at preſent, our bondage is not only oppreſſive but diſhonourable: we are ſlaves of a culpable adventurer, and of an infamous foreigner, of whom twenty years ago, our wealthieſt citizens would not have accepted for a lackey, or our pooreſt citizens admitted to eat at their tables, even from charity; who has not made a ſtep in his career of outrageous ambition, or of puerile vanity, that has not been marked with ruin, with devaſtation, or with blood." "But," continued he, after a pauſe, "perhaps I am here ſpeaking in the preſence of ſome ſpy of Napoleon the Firſt. If ſo, let him inform his maſter, that another victim is ready for his dungeon, for his

his draughts, or for his daggers; from whom even his tortures will be unable to extort a groan!"

Befides his patriotifm, this old magiftrate was alfo irritated by a family affliction. A fingle nephew of his, and who was his heir, was in a counting-houfe in England—when Geneva loft its independence; on his return here three years ago, merely to pay a vifit to his uncle, he was feized by Buonaparte's agents as a confcript, and neither prayers nor money could prevent him from being carried to a depôt in France. Finding an opportunity to efcape from thofe who had no other right, but that of power, to detain him; he endeavoured to fave himfelf, but was retaken and fhot as a deferter. Several other young citizens of Geneva have, for a fimilar caufe, experienced a fimilar fate!

LETTER

LETTER CXXVII.

Geneva, September, 1805.

MY LORD,

CONSIDERING its population, this republic was one of the wealthieſt communities of Europe before its incorporation with France. Many of its inhabitants had large ſums in the funds of England, France, and Auſtria, and the induſtry, regularity, and economy of all the citizens of Geneva, increaſed the means of affluence, and diminiſhed the temptations of vice. They were therefore generally a ſober, active, and moral people; diſtinguiſhed in the annals of literature, as well as celebrated for their progreſs in arts and ſciences. An honeſt and virtuous citizen of Geneva was the moſt happy of mortals. From the narrow circle of

of the community, it was totally impoffible that his worth fhould be concealed or forgotten. The fame caufe that made virtue known and recompenfed, alfo made crime and vice fcarce by unmafking them.

Since this country has been curfed with French fraternity, it has loft an eighth part of its population, and a fourth part of its moft refpectable bankers and merchants. From its inland fituation, encompaffed with French tyrants, or with countries tyrannized over by France, its citizens have many difficulties to encounter in their attempts to efcape their oppreffors. But I have been told, that at prefent thirty wealthy and worthy families have collected their all, and only wait for a favourable opportunity to emigrate and fettle in Great Britain or in America.

You know that the people here, among other branches of induftry.

were

were renowned for watch-making. In 1792, five hundred families not only ſubſiſted by it, but ſupported and enriched their children. According to an official regiſter which I was permitted to look into, not above one hundred and ſixty perſons were, in 1804, employed in this buſineſs, and theſe were far from making fortunes. All the others had ſettled in the principality of Neufchatel, or near Beſançon in France, where they were leſs expoſed to the rapine of the agents of our government, than in their own country. It is a fact, aſcertained and remonſtrated againſt both in Brabant and in the ſtates on the right bank of the Rhine, as well as in thoſe parts of Switzerland now forming an integral part of the French Empire, that notwithſtanding their incorporation with the Grand Nation, they are ſtill frequently oppreſſed and tormented as a conquered people; and in paying the

the taxes of French ſubjects, are laid under extraordinary contributions, requiſitions, &c. as foreigners.

I have dined ſeveral times at M. Maurice's, in company with the prefect and the governor. They are both equally civil and unaſſuming; qualities which are not often met with in the repreſentatives of a proud and inſolent upſtart ſovereign, particularly when they are upſtarts themſelves.

Yeſterday the prefect announced that he had been officially informed of the arrival of the firſt diviſion of the army of the coaſt, on the banks of the Rhine. Speculations on the probable iſſue of a war between France and Auſtria then became the topics of converſation. That the former would preſerve, and even augment, her ſupremacy over the continent, nobody ſeemed to doubt. Some were alſo of opinion, that if the financial reſources of France were as

great,

great, or only proportionate, to her military power, the Auſtrian monarchy would ſhare the fate of Poland, or of the German Empire, and ſerve as indemnities for the temporary acquieſcence of ſtates which France would ſubdue in their turn; "Buonaparte being reſolved that the modern French, like the ancient Roman Empire, ſhould extend over all Europe, and that the nations, not its tributaries, federates, or allies, ſhould be conſidered and acted towards as barbarians."

Thus expreſſed himſelf a gentleman of the name of Mallet, born in this city, but long ſettled at Paris, whoſe arrival here created ſome uneaſineſs among the public functionaries, as after his laſt viſit here a total change of the adminiſtration of this department took place. He was ſuppoſed to be one of thoſe agents who, without any public character, are employed to make

a tour

a tour to all the capitals of the different departments, and who report to government their obfervations, and who, without being called or thought fpies, do all the duties as fuch. When I inquired of a placeman at my fide, who this Mallet could be, I was whifpered, "a fecret agent of Buonaparte." His fpy, I faid in return. "No, Sir," whifpered, trembling, my neighbour, "Buonaparte's fpies are unknown to us, but we *fufpect*, with fome reafon, that he is one of Buonaparte's fecret agents." I owned that this definition of the difference between a fpy and a fecret agent, was too fubtil for my underftanding not to think the *office* of the one equally difhonourable with the employment of the other.

That Buonaparte is greatly diftreffed for money, all letters from Paris confirm. About the middle of laft month orders were fent here from Marbois,

the

the minifter of the imperial treafure, to remit, by extra couriers, all the ready money in the hands, or at the office, of the director of the public contributions. The prefect was alfo commanded to convoke the principal capitalifts, and propofe to them an advance of fifty per cent. upon the contributions of next year, on receiving an intereft of feven per cent; but this propofal was not acceded to for want of cafh—or of confidence.

LETTER

LETTER CXXVIII.

Lausanne, September, 1805.

MY LORD,

A TRAVELLER who has formerly visited Switzerland, must grieve indeed, in seeing what this unfortunate country is, and in remembering what it was. The public misery surpasses almost the general discontent, and individual distress seems to have abated, if not extinguished, the public spirit.

The best way of travelling in this country, is still to hire a coach from town to town. You lose indeed some time upon the road, but you are certain of good accommodation and of safe conveyance. I paid for a coach with two horses, from Geneva to this town, five crowns, including duties,

 turnpikes,

turnpikes, paſſage of bridges, &c. and was ten hours only on the road.

If I had not been well recommended and known at Geneva, I ſhould not have been able to quit France without a new paſſport from the miniſter of police, which might have detained me for months before it could be expedited. But though the ſuperiors there were my friends, and ſhewed themſelves diſintereſted, a kind of chief clerk who brought me my paſſport, requeſted in a tone, not to be refuſed, a douceur of four louis d'ors for his trouble; I was too prudent not to make, as I thought, this laſt offering to corruption and cupidity; but when out of the reach of French gens d'armes, I have from hence informed the prefect, of what perhaps he knew before hand, and was forced to wink at, this clerk being preſented him by the mi-

niſter

nifter of the interior, of whom he is a favourite.

On the prefent French frontiers at Varfoive, I exhibited for the laft time my paffport to a French agent, furrounded with gens d'armes. He made feveral difficulties with regard to my pafs, and once even faid that it was not in order, but that he fhould be obliged to ftop me, until he had orders from Paris how to act. I was alarmed, and near abufing him for his impertinence or ignorance, when my coachman made me a fign that he wanted to fpeak with me. He told me that this agent was very ftrict, becaufe he had great protectors at the office of the minifter of police, but that if I would give him a couple of louis d'ors, he would try to arrange the affair. Situated as I was, I again fubmitted, but fince my arrival here, I have heard that the agent and the coachman un-

derſtand each other, and divide among them the ſpoil of intimidated travellers, who if they know how to bargain, may get out of France for a couple of crowns, inſtead of a couple of louis d'ors.

On entering this town, a Swiſs ſentry ſtopped my coach, and a Swiſs officer very civilly aſked for my paſſport, took down my name, and returned me it. I lodge here at the inn called the Red Lion, where I am comfortable enough, though neither ſo cheaply nor cleanly as at the Balance at Geneva.

Several Swiſs officers and merchants dine regularly at the ordinary of this inn. They do not conceal their deſire of being delivered from the French yoke, and hope, that at this preſent criſis, Auſtria will not reſpect a neutrality entirely to the advantage of France. The Landamman has indeed

called

called out and armed every where the militia; but were the Auſtrians victorious in Germany and Italy, and preſented themſelves here with a ſufficient force to encourage and ſupport an inſurrection, inſtead of oppoſing them, the Swiſs troops, according to what I have heard, would join and aſſiſt them to a man.

Some few vagabonds of this country, (called the *pays de Vaud,*) under the application of Swiſs patriots, in 1797, firſt invited the French to pollute this then happy land with their infernal preſence, and to aſſiſt them to cruſh the oligarchy of Berne; theſe traitors are now themſelves victims of their own treachery, abhorred in their own country, where they dare not ſhow themſelves; and ſtarving in the gaols or in the hoſpitals of France; like the Iriſh rebels, both deſpiſed, neglected, and oppreſſed by Buonaparte and by

 his

his government. At the head of thefe falfe patriots were De Sangy and La Harpe, who both had been private tutors at St. Peterfburgh, of whom I have heard, that the one has fhot himfelf, and that the other is ftill more wretched, becaufe he wanders about from State to State, rebuked and repulfed every where, acquainted with the ruin and difgrace of his country, of which he knows that he has been the chief inftrument. Of the other Vaudois revolutionifts, upwards of fifty have, according to report, been tranfported to Cayenne by the order of Buonaparte, who has this moment fhut up a dozen of them in the Temple.

Among the perfons here, who declaimed moft violently againft France and Buonaparte, was a Captain Weifs, a coufin of the Colonel of that name, fo notorious in the revolutionary annals of his country, and one of the

moft

most extraordinary characters of these extraordinary times. A courtier of all the different systems of the French revolution, all the chiefs of that vast butchery, in their turns, had his homage and congratulations. It was enough to speak of a man high in the revolutionary world, for Colonel Weiss to become his partizan. Marat or Danton, Robespierre or Buonaparte; it would have been all one to him; he would have corresponded with and bowed to the former as well as to the latter. He never troubled his head about the personal merit or demerits of a man; whether he was an assassin or a robber, a tyrant or a patriot. It was enough to be honourably or dreadfully famous to kindle his enthusiasm. Without military talents, without political abilities, devoid of coolness and of conduct, and presuming in proportion to his mediocrity, he negociated

 when

when at the head of an army, with the handful of Vaudois rebels of this vicinity, whom he had been ordered to disperse, and should have combated. Before his eyes the fire of the Helvetian revolution was publickly kindled, and the rebels, who were blowing it into a blaze, performed, undisturbed, their work by the general's side, and almost in competition with him. Placed between his duty and the fear of losing his popularity, he rendered himself unpopular without performing his duty. The faithful inhabitants of this town and country, confounded at his conduct, gave themselves up to despair, and while they wearied both the commander and the government with their complaints, the conspirators barefacedly deputed agents to the French general Menard, who, at the head of his armed banditti, soon decided the fate of the *pays de Vaud.*

Such

Such was the portrait drawn of this revolutionift by a Swifs who well knew him, and fuch I heard it confirmed upon the very fpot, that had been the theatre of his folly, vice and imbecility. He is related to have faid in 1789, that he fhould have preferred being a La Fayette to a Cato or a Wafhington, and in 1797 of being a Buonaparte rather than an Alexander, Publicola or Cæfar. He fees now this very Buonaparte, this his very idol, the relentlefs tyrant of the greater part of the European Continent, whofe heavy fetters bend down to the earth thofe Helvetians, thofe defcendants of freemen, who now reproach him with their bondage, and whofe defcendants to the remoteft pofterity, will execrate his name.

LETTER CXXIX.

Lausanne, September, 1805.

MY LORD,

THE inftant I had entered the Swifs territory, my carriage was furrounded by beggars; their prayers, their lamentations, did not ceafe to harafs my ears, or their miferable appearance to torment my fight until I was in my apartment here. When I enquired for the caufe of fuch unufual diftrefs, I received the fame anfwer here as in Holland: "*The revolution and French fraternity have ruined us.*"

This country never boafted of much commerce, or of many manufactories, but they were fufficient for the wants of the inhabitants, and for the occupation of the poor. The French troops who invaded the PAYS DE VAUD, thofe

thoſe conquerors, whoſe rich leaders had raviſhed from Italy ſpoils of all kinds to the amount of hundreds of millions, arrived here, all in rags. To thoſe who were aſtoniſhed at this nakedneſs, they ſaid, *the Swiſs will clothe us.* After pillaging public and private banks; after ſeizing the plates of churches, and the funds and proviſions of hoſpitals and orphan houſes, they put into requiſition all the cloth, linen, leather and *muſlin* found in public warehouſes, or in private depots. In one week they thus pillaged and ruined four hundred families, and thouſands of poor. Since that time no ſafety has exiſted to encourage induſtry or capacity to form any new eſtabliſhments; and as long as the independence of the Helvetian republic is not inſured and reſpected by France, nobody will riſk his money, labour and

induſtry to tempt the rapacity of unprincipled neighbours.

Here a general opinion is prevailing, that ſhould Buonaparte continue to proſper, he intends to incorporate with France the PAYS DE VAUD and the city and canton of Baſle, in exchange for the principality of Neufchatel. For this latter he will indemnify the king of Pruſſia with ſome freſh ſpoils of the German empire. When I aſked the gentleman who mentioned this rumour, whether the people here would be pleaſed with a re-union with France? "No Sir! they would rather be ſubjects of the Sultan of Conſtantinople, or of the Dey of Algiers, than of the Emperor of the French; but you know, that the faſhion is paſſed, to conſult the ſovereign people concerning the governments they chooſe. Such is now the deplorable ſtate of the public

ſpirit

ſpirit all over Helvetia, that it will perhaps be conſidered as a favour, if not as an honour, conferred on us, were Buonaparte to be kind enough to tyrannize over us in perſon, becauſe who can prevent him from ſending us one of his jockies, one of his grooms, or even one of his horſes, for our emperor, or for our king."

Notwithſtanding ſo many crying admonitions, and ſo many terrible examples of the danger even for themſelves, the revolutioniſts of the nineteenth century are incorrigible. A gentleman of the name of Du Freſne, who has juſt come from Neufchatel, aſſures me, that, though the people of that principality, thanks to Pruſſian neutrality, have remained undiſturbed, amidſt the ruins of Helvetia, and witneſſed the infamy of Frenchmen, and the ſufferings of the Swiſs, they are all ripe for an inſurrection, and do not

wiſh for any thing better than the fraternal hugs of French marauders, though their embraces may ſtrangle them.

The inhabitants of that principality live however under a very mild and paternal government, are all induſtrious, and many even wealthy. But they ſeem to be infected with the general ſpirit of innovation, now ſo prevailing upon the continent, and now keeping nations, princes, and ſubjects in ſuch a continual agitation. The rich want rank, the nobles power, and the maſs of the people change; not conſidering or recollecting the cruel and deadly effects of innovations and changes in other ſtates.

Even when you ſit down at the ordinary to dine or to ſup, you are aſſailed by beggars, and the ſufferings which ariſe from tales of diſtreſs. I remarked one of them, an old man, with

with a very expreſſive countenance, who made his tour round the table, accepted of what was given him, but never aſked for any thing. When he approached the door to leave the room, all the other beggars ſurrounded him, and he ſeemed to diſtribute in ſilence a part or the whole of what he had collected. This ſingularity made me enquire who he could be, and what induced him to act thus. I was told that his name was Saunier, and that before the revolution he had been one of the richeſt manufacturers in the Pays de Vaud. Deluded by the ſophiſtical arguments and hypocritical promiſes of the leaders of the French revolution, he became an enthuſiaſt in its cauſe, and was among the moſt violent revolutioniſts of this country, when all his wiſhes were gratified by the arrival of thoſe French friends of liberty, whoſe fraternity he had ſo long deſired with impatience.

impatience. His houſe was open for their reception, and he ſpared no expences to evince the ſincerity of his former principles. He was married to a reſpectable woman, by whom he had three children, a ſon and two daughters. Theſe latter met immediately with a number of admirers among the French officers, two of whom, within a month's acquaintance, ſeduced them to an elopement; the aſtoniſhed and indignant parent began now firſt to repent of his indiſcretion, and perhaps ſecretly even to regret his zeal in a cauſe diſgraced by ſuch partizans and ſupporters. But what muſt have been his feelings when he was informed that both theſe officers had wives in France, and that it was merely to gratify a momentary and baſe paſſion, that in return for hoſpitality, they had conferred on a reſpectable family ſo much wretchedneſs. But the meaſure of his

pangs,

pangs, or *chastisement*, as he now calls it, was not yet full. His son, who was an officer in the corps of the Vaudois insurgents, flew after the seducers of his sisters, overtook them, and was slain in a duel. His death occasioned his eldest sister to die in a miscarriage, and his mother to expire broken hearted. Patriotic contributions and requisitions had in the mean time diminished Saunier's property; and his family misfortunes made him neglect the care of what remained; he had been a bankrupt about a week, when his youngest daughter was brought to him raving mad! This last stroke deprived him almost of his own reason, and he is now looked upon as a kind of innocent idiot. He subsists entirely by charity; but whatever is given him more than will provide for his immediate wants, he partakes with other poor people, under an idea, that without his impolitic and extravagant conduct

no

no revolution would have ruined his country, and reduced his countrymen to beggary. The difeafe of his daughter is by the faculty judged incurable.

Oh! that I could, without infult to fuffering humanity, carry Saunier and his daughter round all countries, where innovations are preached, revolutions approved, revolutionary Frenchmen admired, and the horrors—the ferocity of their fraternity unknown! Oh! that I could reftore to thefe victims of Gallic treachery and infamy their fenfes, their intellects, that their own feelings might, in terms more energetic than my own, delineate French rebels and infidels in their true colours, and call out to nations, "Beware! Oh! beware to invite thefe ferpents into your bofom; they will not only make your deftruction certain, but prolong the torments of your agony, to enjoy at leifure your convulfions." Then I fhould indeed have merited well of mankind.

LETTER

LETTER CXXX.

Berne, October, 1805.

MY LORD,

BEFORE I left Laufanne I went upon a vifit to a friend who has a houfe about four leagues from thence, on the oppofite bank of the Lake of Geneva. He had formerly ferved in France, with the rank of colonel, and Louis XVIII. beftowed on him, in 1796, the order of St. Louis. This royal favour, which thirty years fervices claimed and deferved, occafioned his profcription, the pillage of his property, and the mifery of his life, when France vomited, in 1798, her criminals and flaves upon Helvetic ground.

I will, as near as poffible, relate his doleful tale in his own words. "I was fitting by my fire-fide one evening, in the

the latter part of March, or in the beginning of April, 1798," ſaid he, "when I heard ſome horſemen arrive, and a knocking and ringing at my outer gate informed me that they came on a viſit to me. I was rather ſurpriſed at the unſeaſonable hour, but having no cauſe to reproach myſelf, and of courſe nothing to fear, I ordered my porter to let them in. He had hardly left me before five French officers of cavalry entering my room, inquired whether I was Colonel de W———? Before I had time to anſwer, one of them ſtepping forwards, laid hold of me, ſaying "you are the man we are in ſearch after; your ribband of St. Louis proves it." I aſked them what was the crime of which I was accuſed? "You are," ſaid they, "an enemy of the French republic, becauſe you have accepted and wear an order prohibited by her, and deteſted by all friends of liberty

and equality. We have orders from our ſuperiors to carry you a priſoner to the head quarters," which were then at Ferney, in that manſion where Voltaire had ſo often ſung Helvetic liberty.

"These ruffians alſo ſaid "that, as they muſt put my manſion under ſequeſtration, they were under the neceſſity of deſiring my wife and my ſiſter in law to ſeek a refuge ſome where elſe." This explained, ſix of them hurried me into my chaiſe, which was eſcorted by ten men on horſeback. On the next evening I found myſelf at Ferney, in the preſence of the French general, Menard."

"The firſt queſtion of this commander was whether I had ſerved Louis XVI. and been decorated by Louis XVIII. with the croſs of St. Louis? Upon my anſwer in the affirmative, he ſaid, "then I muſt commit you. You will remain a priſoner at the citadel of

Beſançon,

Befançon, until further orders of my government."

"Here I continued a clofe prifoner, without any communication from abroad, for ten months. Had I been a convicted felon I could not have been worfe ufed. My food was half a pound of black bread in twenty-four hours, and my drink was water. I could fee nobody, write to nobody, and obtain fuccours from nobody. My innocence and courage had hitherto fupported me, but the latter began at laft to fail me. About the new year of 1799 I was taken ill, and the phyfician who attended me, was humane enough, after one vifit, to order me better air, and better nourifhment. He alfo converfed with me about my unfortunate fituation, which he told me frankly, that only fome pecuniary offers on my part, could alleviate. I afked him how much was requifite for my releafe, telling

ling him, at the ſame time, the exact ſtate of my fortune. He replied that he would repreſent my caſe to thoſe who had it in their power to amend it.

" In a week afterwards a perſon called upon me, who ſaid that he was a commiſſary of the government, and would ſet me at liberty on ſubſcribing bonds and bills of exchange to the amount of one hundred and fifty thouſand livres, 6000*l.* which was upwards of two thirds of what I poſſeſſed in the world. What does not a man do when ſtarving in a dungeon, and apprehenſive that thoſe who have uſed him ſo barbarouſly without any reaſon, may alſo aſſaſſinate him for intereſt? I ſubſcribed all the papers laid before me, and on the ſame evening was in a chaiſe for Neufchatel. There I firſt heard that my plate, my pictures, my horſes, my cattle, and my furniture had been diſpoſed of, that my ſiſter in

law

law had periſhed under the outrages of her raviſhers, and that my wife was dying in conſequence of an infamous diſeaſe, inflicted by thoſe abominable villains. You may eaſily judge my affliction after this diſcovery. I wiſhed myſelf back in my dungeon at Beſançon, never more to ſee light, nor the face of man! When I arrived at the gate of the dwelling where I had experienced ſuch pure and ſuch irreproachable happineſs, my old ſervant, Le Fort, met me in rags, his cheeks inundated with tears, exclaming, " my deareſt maſter! are you ſtill alive to endure thouſands of deaths. I hoped that Providence, in its wrath, or mercy, would have ſpared you the horror of knowing the height of your miſery." "I know every thing," I replied; "I know that I am plundered, ruined, and what is worſe, perhaps diſhonoured." "You are not diſhonoured," interrupted

rupted Le Fort, "no, Sir, your lady is worthy of you, even upon her death bed. Haſten to ſee her, and to implore her forgiveneſs for your ungenerous ſuſpicions."

"My hall, my ſaloon, my anti-room, all were deſolate, empty, and announcing the preſence of the genius of deſtruction. My ſtudy had been ſtripped, as well as my library, and when I opened the door of my bedroom I ſaw, what I thought, a corpſe, ſtretched out upon ſome planks, in expectation of a coffin. Alas! it was my own dear wretched partner! The banditti had not even ſpared our bed, and after polluting ſo much virtue, ſuch genuine worth, had brutally thrown her on the floor ſenſeleſs. Her firſt words to me were, "do not approach a wretch whoſe preſence alone is ſufficient to poiſon you. I am periſhing, but by inches, and in the moſt acute pains. Tell

Tell me if you have heard of my miſery, and if you pardon my misfortunes?" Aſſuring her that ſhe was more than ever dear and precious to me, "then," ſhe anſwered, "thank God! I die content, and forgive even ferocious Frenchmen!" In four days afterwards ſhe was a corpſe.

"After recovering ſomewhat from my firſt conſternation and ſorrow, I retired into the hoſpitable manſion of a friend, who, like myſelf, had loſt two thirds of his property, and whoſe ſiſter had alſo fallen the victim of French brutality and profligacy. We now live here together in expectation of better days, or a more quiet abode—a tomb."

When I was at Lauſanne fifteen years ago, I had a letter of credit to a banker there, Louis Porta, whoſe houſe was oppoſite to the Red Lion, the inn where I lodged. When I now inquired after him, I heard that having confided in

in the honour of the Great Nation, he had ſpeculated in aſſignats, in a manner that when the Great Nation declared itſelf inſolvent, he became a bankrupt.

Thus you ſee that revolutionary France pillages, at the ſame time, thoſe who have reaſon to miſtruſt her faith, as well as thoſe who are fooliſh enough to confide in her honeſty.

LETTER CXXXI.

Berne, October, 1805.

MY LORD,

IN this country at prefent, when it is not difgraced with the prefence of revolutionary Frenchmen, a traveller is not afked for his pafs, but in entering or leaving a town, or in the inn where he lodges. No fees are afked, and no douceurs are extorted by the agents of government. They feem even afhamed to perform a duty, unbecoming and infulting to freemen. I had when I arrived at the gate of this city, from abfence of mind, put my portfolio and paffport into my trunk. Afked for it by the fentry, I explained my blunder, but offered to fetch it as my trunk was behind the coach. "Never mind it," anfwered the officer,

"tell

"tell me only your name, it will be sufficient. I am more ashamed to perform the part of an inquisitor or tyrant, than you are to consider yourself insulted by submitting to the act of a slave. Good morning, Sir!"

I lodge here in the hotel de *Faucon*, an excellent inn, but much dearer than in France. The dinner and supper at the ordinaries are much the same price as at Lyons and Geneva, but I pay nearly double for my lodgings. The wine is, besides, here very indifferent, and upon the whole, I regret Baudin at Marseilles, and the Hotel de Palais Royal at Avignon. But when I consider, thanks to the *present* neutrality of Switzerland, that I can, during the night, lay down in my bed, without being apprehensive of the intrusion of police agents or gens d'armes, and that during the day I can walk in the streets without fear of being stopped or insulted

ed by fentries, or guard-houfes; I am perfectly contented, and thank God, that I am out of the clutches of Buonaparte and his official banditti.

As I had feveral vifits to pay here, I took a valet de Place, whom I pay half-a-crown a-day. In walking about this morning, he afked me whether I was fond of admiring fome females of eafy virtue, or of being laid under contributions at fome gambling table. I replied that I was refolved to decline both the one and the other; but I afked him to explain, how thefe fhameful and fafhionable innovations had gained footing here, as fifteen years ago, I never heard of fuch fchools of vice and ruin in Switzerland. "They are now very common," he anfwered, "thanks to the too long prefence of French reformers. General Brune hired me in April 1798, as his valet, and to my knowledge he imported to this city from France,

France, within two months, ſeven hundred ſtrumpets and two hundred gameſters. Theſe he diſtributed all over the Helvetian republic, according to the population, and wealth of the inhabitants. They have ſince received ſeveral reinforcements from the mother country; and when you at preſent hear in Switzerland of a harlot, or of a rogue, it is fifty to one but ſuch is a citizen of the grand nation, or a ſubject of the grand Emperor of the French.

In paſſing through the market place, which is almoſt under the windows of my apartment, I aſked him whether proviſions had increaſed or diminiſhed in price? "Every thing, Sir!" ſaid he, "has augmented with our miſery; taxes, bread, meat, wine and houſe-rent, and though we have not at preſent half the means or reſources as formerly, we have double the expenditure. We drag on our exiſtence, from day to

 day,

day, and are really aſtoniſhed ourſelves when the year is over, how we have been able to go through it, and that we are neither in a gaol, nor in the grave."

I aſked him, "Whether commerce or manufactures had ſuffered by the revolution?" "Every body knows, Sir," he anſwered, "that both are annihilated. We have now only ſome petty ſhopkeepers, but no merchants; and knitters of ſtockings are our only remaining manufacturers." "What has become of the former wealthy individuals, who employed their capitals in commercial ſpeculations, who encouraged talents and rewarded labour?" "They have, all, either periſhed, emigrated, or are beggars like myſelf." "Has the population of the canton of Berne ſuffered much from the revolution?" "It is one-fifth part leſs than it was ten years ago; and the other

other four-fifths envy the deſtiny of thoſe who have diſappeared by a voluntary exile, or by an involuntary exit." "From what you ſay, I ſuppoſe you to be a friend to the ancient oligarchy or an inveterate Anti-gallican?" "On the contrary, Sir! I was impriſoned for ſedition before the revolution, and was pitched upon as a valet by General Brune, becauſe I had ſuffered for my Gallomania; but as you are acquainted with the Landamman and the Grand Chancellor, they can confirm to you the truth of every thing I have related. They both know, that though I am a miſled and a ruined man, I am ſtill an honeſt one!" "But what could make you thus alter your principles after your French friends had broken your fetters?" "Broken my fetters! Sir? I had none before the arrival of French traitors; they have not only ſtripped me and chained my legs, but

yoked my neck. For a real crime againſt my country, the Berneſe government impriſoned me only a fortnight. Becauſe I called the French what they really were, impoſtors, tyrants, and ſlaves, I was plundered, by fines, of all my property, ſhut up in a dungeon for fifteen months, and before I recovered my liberty, was forced to ſubſcribe a declaration affirming, that I was culpable of conſpiracy, deſerved death, and owed my life to their *humanity* only. I was ſo tired of confinement, diſguſted with ill-treatment, and enervated by hunger, that had they ordered me to declare myſelf in the ſecrets of, or an emiſſary of the devil, I ſhould have ſigned it. Is not ſuch behaviour a certain cure for Gallomania, or for a revolutionary folly?"

What an aſſurance, what an impudence, muſt not revolutionary Frenchmen poſſeſs, after making every where

those who most desired their arrival, their most irreconcileable foes, when such an unfortunate event had occurred, still to dare to speak of their fidelity, to extol their liberality, and invite nations to their fraternity. In Switzerland as well as in Holland; in Germany as well as in Italy; the *patriotic* master and the *patriotic* valet, the rich *patriot*, and the *patriotic* sans-culotte—ALL—ALL have equally suffered from their oppression and rapacity; and ALL equally repent of their own errors, while they execrate the perfidy and cruelty of French revolutionists.

LETTER CXXXII.

Berne, October, 1805.

MY LORD,

BUONAPARTE's deputy ſovereign of this country, the preſent Landamman Glutz, has ago long evinced his abhorrence of the French revolution, combated French rebels, and been honoured with their proſcription. He was in 1789 an officer of the Swiſs Guard of the King of France, and on the too fatal 10th of Auguſt commanded as aide-major in the palace of the Thuilleries; he was one of the few of his heroic and loyal comrades, who eſcaped the ſtabs of the French republican banditti on that day, and their maſſacre on the 2d and 3d of September following. Concealed by a friend at Paris until the new-born Republicans had

had gratified their firſt thirſt of blood; he afterwards ſaved himſelf in the diſguiſe of a waggoner, after incurring daily, nay hourly, the dangers of diſcovery on the road. Who could then have foreſeen that he alſo would one day become a revolutionary public functionary? Who could then have ſuppoſed that he would ever have accepted of an appointment from the uſurper of that throne, for which he twelve years before had ſo valiantly fought to preſerve it for its legitimate owner? It is however but juſtice to ſay, that diſintereſted patriotiſm rather than unprincipled ambition has placed Glutz at the head of the government of his country; and that as far as it lays in his power he alleviates the yoke which a foreign deſpot has impoſed upon his countrymen: there is but little doubt that ſhould favourable circumſtances preſent themſelves, he would alſo be foremoſt

moſt in the ranks of thoſe who attempted to break it entirely.

At the table of the Landamman I have heard more political diſcuſſions and more freedom of ſentiments than could be expected in a ſtate ſwayed by the iron ſcepter of the natural enemy of all liberty. Buonaparte has no where ſo few approvers of his uſurpation, and no where is his religious and political apoſtacy more deteſted, and the evil conſequences of his ridiculous vanity and outrageous pride better appreciated and more ſincerely lamented. The Swiſs citizens conſider, in the Emperor of the French, nothing but the ſame intriguing Jacobin general, who, in 1797, upon the ruins of Italy, planned the diſſolution of Helvetia. The ſenator and the peaſant ſtill hold the ſame language, and when you aſk them the cauſe of all the diſaſters of their country, their anſwer is the ſame: "Buona-

"Buonaparte's journey in the Autumn, 1797, after the peace of Campo Formio, caufes all our mifery. Our profperity, which he then witneffed, wore fuch a ftriking contraft to, and was fuch an indirect reprobation of the fufferings of that Italy, to which he had promifed happinefs and left wretched, that he refolved to terminate what he could not endure. At the very time we were feafting him, and celebrating in rejoicings his paffage, he meditated our deftruction."

In talking the other day with a Swifs general on the prefent afpect of affairs, and throwing out a hope that Buonaparte's financial penury would foon oblige him to diminifh his military eftablifhment, he interrupted me fuddenly, "No Sir! that will never occur. I obferve you have imbibed the fame error with which moft contemporary fovereigns and minifters are infected; and

and that the old adage of Frederic the Great, 'that he who had the laſt crown-piece to diſpoſe of would always command terms to his impoveriſhed rival or foe;' but times are now much altered, and maxims are changed with the times. When Buonaparte can bayonet into the army every year one hundred thouſand and more conſcripts: when in all his public or private ſchools he yearly educates a million of youth for his army excluſively, and when he in a month is enabled to bring five hundred thouſand men into the field, and without magazines or money ſubſiſt them ſolely by plunder, legaliſed under the appellation of requiſitions, he will not only continue to oppreſs the continent during the probable period of even the longeſt reign, but bequeath to ſucceſſors the exerciſe of the ſame unlimited deſpotiſm for years. Ages muſt paſs over before Europe can be

entirely

entirely exhaufted, and fome upftart tyrant is under the neceffity, upon the tomb of the laft prince, to extort the laft crown-piece of the laft fubject. Such is my opinion; I wifh that it were erroneous. There exifts only one way for counteracting Buonaparte's plots againft civilized fociety. Let all other governments imitate the French; let their youth be fubjected to the fame military education and confcription as the youth of France. Let their arfenals be filled with warlike ftores, and their armies fubfift in the manner as Buonaparte's foldiers; let them like him promote talents without regard to feniority:—if it is not too late, Europe may yet be faved!"

LETTER CXXXIII.

Berne, October, 180[illegible].

MY LORD,

I HAVE been upon a very agreeable but at the ſame time very melancholy excurſion. I have viſited thoſe fields of battle where Helvetic patriots bled under the daggers of the too numerous French banditti and ſlaves, where treachery vanquiſhed bravery.

Among the perſons of my party was an amiable young lady about twenty-four, who at the battle of Frauenbrun on the 4th of March, 1798, was wounded in ſeven places, in combating French rebels and revolutioniſts. She was our guide; ſhewed us the ſpot, where ſixty Swiſs women with no other weapons than poles, ſtormed, and for

an

an hour kept poſſeſſion of a French battery of ten twelve pounders, defended by fifty men. She ſhowed us the valley where one glorious effort of magnanimity ſurpaſſed the memorable ſacrifice of the Spartans at Thermopylæ. Eight hundred youths, all under twenty-five years of age, devoted themſelves to death; attacked at firſt by three thouſand Frenchmen, they laid within an hour half of them dead on the ground, and repulſed the other; five thouſand freſh troops then ſurrounded them; overpowered by numbers, they refuſed quarter; ſeven who eſcaped the firſt carnage, diſdained to ſurvive their brethren in arms, and ruſhing into the ranks of the enemy, periſhed under the ruins of their country. Of the ſixty women mentioned above, only four eſcaped death; and our companion was one of theſe; but ſhe was carried away from the field of

battle,

battle, having fainted with loſs of blood, and ſuppoſed to be a corpſe. For eighteen months afterwards ſhe was unable to quit her bed, and her recovery was doubtful; life ſhe has preſerved, but at the expence of her health. During theſe bloody conflicts, the number of women who ſo nobly periſhed, amounted to two hundred and eighty. They all flew to the heat of the battle, threw themſelves on the cannon of the enemy, and clung to the wheels to prevent them from advancing. She ſaid that this incredible reſiſtance exaſperated the French ſoldier to madneſs. When he had no more victims whoſe throats he might cut upon the field of battle, he ſought them in villages, in hamlets, which every where became a prey to flames, and to the moſt horrible carnage. The numerous habitations ſpread about, houſes, barns, ſtables, for three leagues round were

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ſet on fire, given up to pillage, and laid waſte, with a cruelty, with a barbarity unknown in modern hiſtory. The ferocious ſneſs of the French villains vented itſelf upon every living creature, and upon the bodies of thoſe who had juſt expired, without diſtinction of age or of ſex, and with circumſtances of monſtrous inhumanity, which makes thoſe who hear them ſhudder with horror, and of which I muſt ſpare your feelings the recital.

The enthuſiaſm with which this patriotic heroine ſpoke, proved that the ſufferings of her body had not enervated the vigour of her mind. "Oh!" ſhe exclaimed, (when we were retiring from theſe vallies, and from theſe mountains, witneſſes of ſo much noble ardour, and of ſo praiſeworthy a zeal,) "That my feeble voice could reach all adherents or admirers of French principles: Oh! that I could

collect

collect them all around me here; I should say to them: "Here lived a simple and a happy people, strangers to the luxury and to the corruption of great towns, as well as to the ambition and disputes of great states; their days passed peaceably in the bosom of nature, and they were sheltered by their mountains and morals. A formidable enemy, under perfidious offers of fraternity, came upon them, to devour them like tigers, when they were deprived of the power of preserving their ancient independence; but they fought to the last, and buried themselves under the smoaking remnants of their habitations, rather than live slaves within them. Let the memory of this treachery on the one side, and of this heroism on the other side, convince you of the true character of French and other innovators and reformers, and at the same time teach you, should ever

your

your country be overwhelmed with thofe monfters, what fhe has a right to expect from you. Remember that many of thofe, whofe bones, whofe afhes are fcattered about round this fpot, were alfo once deluded by French traitors into approbation of their meafures, but when they difcovered their cruel miftake, atoned for it with their lives."

But it is impoffible to contemplate the fate of the Swifs cantons without a figh. Formed into little independent focieties on the declivities, or amidft the receffes of the mountains; it was they who firft refifted the encroachments of the houfe of Auftria, and made the laft effort againft the injuftice of France. They were lefs fortunate than their anceftors, and at length fell, not becaufe they had degenerated, but becaufe they had to combat foxes as well as wolves, and retained their original

ginal honeſt character, while every thing around them was changed. When the Burgundian peaſantry in the days of Charles le Temeraire, left their fertile plains in ſearch of an unprofitable conqueſt over the inhabitants of barren mountains, they were vanquiſhed by the ſturdy natives, who had entrenched themſelves behind rocks, and taken poſſeſſion of fortreſſes, that foiled all the efforts of the invaders. A ſimilar race ſtill defended their native ſummits, but they were now aſſailed by an artful people, whom tyranny and terror had made familiar with death, who were inured to ſhame and to conqueſt, and armed with newly-invented engines of deſtruction, unknown, as much as their perfidy, in the vallies and mountains of once fortunate Switzerland.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Berne, October, 1805.

MY LORD,

THE young Swiſs lady mentioned in my laſt, is the daughter of a late ſenator of what was formerly called the French faction, and who on the day he was certain that Frenchmen would annihilate the independence of his country, puniſhed himſelf for what he called, in his will, high treaſon againſt civil ſociety, by blowing out his brains. His ſole daughter was mourning over the corpſe of her father, when her lover, the ſon of another ſenator, informed her of his reſolution of dying a freeman, by enliſting among that ſacred and patriotic corps of eight hundred youths, who voluntarily renounced exiſtence, when they had no

 longer

longer a country. He was then already on the advanced poſt, four leagues from Berne, and told her that probably before the letter had reached its addreſs he ſhould be a corpſe.

Overwhelmed thus with grief and horror, ſhe was viſited by four other young ladies, like herſelf, mourning the approaching cataſtrophe, that would deprive them of their lovers, but who propoſed to her not to cry, or paſs their time in unavailing lamentations, but to ſhare the patriotic laurels and cypreſſes of thoſe ſo juſtly worthy of their affection. She did not heſitate a moment to accompany them, but before they arrived near the field of battle their number was increaſed to ſixty, and would have been ſix hundred, had not parental authority interfered. They had not diſcovered the poſt ſelected by their heroic lovers before the battle began. Obſerving a battery at a diſtance,

tance, the deſtructive fire of which hewed down whole ranks of their countrymen, they ſtormed it, and with the loſs of twenty-two among them, carried it, diſarmed the French, but not knowing how to point, or even how to load a cannon, their valour did no other ſervice than to prevent their friends from ſuffering by its fire. A battalion of grenadiers aſſailed them in their turn, and offered them quarter on reſtoring the cannon; to this propoſal they anſwered by the firelocks taken from the French gunners. They were then all cut and maimed, and left for dead upon the field of battle. Two of the young girls, who, with her, ſurvived the carnage of that day, reſide in her houſe, and are ſupported by her private fortune. One of them has loſt an arm, and the other a leg; and though they, as well as herſelf, have been courted and aſked in marriage,

 they

they have declined all offers, becaufe, to ufe her own words, "angels alone are worthy to replace, as lovers, fuch genuine patriots."

She related to me the interefting manner in which thofe noble youths prepared the facrifice of their lives upon the altar of their country. The fathers of moft of them were fenators, or members of the government of the ftate. When a report was fpread in this city that the French general, Brune, by his treachery, had rendered all refiftance to fave Helvetic liberty unvailing, a deputation of them waited upon their parents to know whether their country was in danger, and whether no human efforts could preferve it. The anfwer brought them gave no hopes of efcaping from the peftilential embraces of the French revolutionifts, but in death. They then marched out from this city in a body, without fee-

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ing any of their relatives and friends. Arrived near the place where it had been determined to oppofe the progrefs of the French, their firft bufinefs was to write letters of eternal adieu to all thofe whom nature, or affection, made dear to them, and to difpofe of their property or valuables by will. Having thus bid adieu to all earthly cares, they invited the paftor of the parifh to preach their funeral fermon, after having administered them the facrament, and conferred on them his prayers and bleffings. He at firft tried to diffuade them from fpilling, at once, fo much noble blood, but their refignation and firmnefs, their heroifm and enthufiafm, caught his own patriotic bofom. He fent for his two fons, who ferved in a corps of the militia encamped in the vicinity; admonifhed them not to be behind hand with fuch models before their eyes, and told them that he him-

felf, though paft three-fcore, would fhare the glory of fuch patriotic martyrdom. It is unneceffary to fay, that his fons did not live to be orphans, nor the parent to mourn the lofs of his children. The paftor placed himfelf in the rank between his two fons. His prefence electrified the whole corps, and of five hundred militia men all were after prodigies of valour, either flain or wounded.

I do not remember, in the annals of hiftory, to have read of a fcene fo moving as this muft have been. To hear a virtuous divine pronouncing his own as well as the funeral fervice of eight hundred individuals, in the vigour of health and youth, and who all, within fome hours, would renounce parents, miftreffes, riches and pleafures; would break all thofe ties that generally attach man to life, and prefer certain deftruction to a ftill uncertain bondage,

bondage, is ſingular, extraordinary, and intereſting. It borders more upon romance than it reſembles hiſtorical facts, and cannot, therefore, when ſo many witneſſes are ſtill alive, that may affirm its reality, be too often mentioned or related. In our days examples of pure patriotiſm are ſo rare, that this almoſt appears incredible or ſupernatural. What might not have been done for the reſtoration of order in Europe, with a nation that has produced ſuch patriots and ſuch heroes! And what might not yet be done for the delivery of mankind from the monſters of the French revolution and its rulers, if wiſdom and generoſity directed the councils of lawful princes, and honoured and rewarded actions which, in proportion as they are rare, are to be acknowledged as more valuable?

This lady has a private room, in which

which is erected an altar to love and patriotiſm. It is hung round with black, and upon it is the buſt of her lover, round the brows of whom laurels form a civic crown. It is never opened but on the anniverſary of his martyrdom, when, aſſiſted by her two friends, ſhe paſſes the whole day in it, mourning, faſting, and praying. On the ſame day, the intereſt of one thouſand louis d'ors, a capital bequeathed her by her lover, is diſtributed among the neareſt and diſtreſſed relations of thoſe who fell with him. This will was written in French, ſix hours before his ſuffering, and is engraved in marble over the altar. I was with ſome difficulty permitted to enter this patriotic ſanctum ſanctorum, and was ſurpriſed to ſee remnants of depredation in a room which I am certain even the Goths and the Vandals would have reſpected. But to revolutionary Frenchmen

men nothing is facred. Informed by their worthy affociates, fome fpies, that affection and conftancy here paid their tribute to love and patriotifm, fome French gens d'armes, headed by a police commiffary, forced an admittance, laft fpring, under pretence of fearching for fome fufpected perfon, but, in fact, to find, as they expected, a treafure concealed here according to the rumour diffeminated perhaps by their own emiffaries. Their cupidity difappointed, their *patriotifm* took alarm at feeing a monument of black marble infcribed with the names of the eight hundred citizens, who facrificed themfelves upon cenotaphs of Helvetic independence. They inftantly broke it down, and could only be perfuaded from doing further mifchief by the offer of the fervant, who attended them, to diftribute among them fifty louis d'ors.

Thus was polluted what, in the ages of barbarifm, even avarice, vice, ignorance, and crime would have revered. I have heard, but not from the lady herfelf, that her intent is never to have thefe outrages repaired; and though fhe has left all her property to a patriotic inftitution for encouraging public virtue and love of her country, fhe has ftrictly enjoined her executors to leave this room in the ftate it is, that future, and perhaps more fortunate, Helvetians, may be convinced that the tyranny and malignity of French traitors and innovators extend even beyond the grave.

LETTER CXXXV.

Berne, October, 1805.

MY LORD,

UNTIL 1798, when invaded by France, Switzerland was exempt from thoſe public wants which render a taxation neceſſary; but the ſavings, funds of reſerve, magazines, revenue of the demeſnes, being all conſumed in ſix months, it was found neceſſary to provide for the ſupport and expences of French reformers and regenerators by an appeal to the purſe of the citizens.

The French revolution was inſtigated and produced by the exceſs of expences, and the abuſe of the right of taxing. Such, however, is its nature, ſuch are its proſelytes and its deluſions, that conſuming all that it touches, wherever

wherever it eſtabliſhes its ſyſtem, it is followed by an augmentation of public charges, of extortions which double the burden of them, and of peculations, which conſtantly render both taxes and extortions inſufficient. Never was there a greater cheat practiſed upon the human race. The mother country of this liberal revolution is now cordially regretting as the golden age, the government of her kings, who drew from a population of twenty-four millions of ſouls, a public revenue of five hundred millions of livres, (20,000,000*l.*) Taxes direct and indirect, have all been re-eſtabliſhed with a profuſion, equal to the ſhameleſſneſs of the demagogues, who in 1789, ſtirred up the nation to the cry of *no more taxes*. A French farmer, who ſixteen years ago, was taxed half-a-crown, now pays three half-crowns, and a tradeſman who then contributed three half-crowns, now is

taxed

taxed ſeven half-crowns. In Italy, in Holland, in Belgium and in the conquered departments on the Banks of the Rhine, the permanent and annual contributions exacted by Buonaparte's government, are equal to eight years revenue under the former and legitimate ſovereigns of thoſe countries.

The firſt revolutionary governments in Switzerland, after the example of their French maſters, ſet out by ſtripping all the poſſeſſors of feudal rents and ſervices. They put an end to the tythes, both eccleſiaſtical and ſecular, reſerving the owners an indemnity of two and a-half per cent. of the value of the funds, a value rated arbitrarily, and without the concurrence of the parties intereſted. All petitions on the ſubject were rejected, and even thoſe of the perſons liable to the payment of them, who foreſaw immediately, that this ſuppreſſion tended to introduce a ſpecies of taxation

taxation infinitely more burdenſome. The manerial free-farms were, in like manner, aboliſhed, with a compenſation not equal to the fifteenth part of their value; all the other ſeigneurial rights, fines, reliefs and aids, were deſtroyed without indemnity. This fine decree ruined not only a multitude of individuals, of every order, divine worſhip, and the maintenance of its miniſters, but alſo the greater number of towns, corporations, hoſpitals, and public eſtabliſhments, the revenues of which were entirely dependent upon the ſeigneurial rents and manors.

To ſatisfy in part the avidity and profuſion of French viceroys in this unfortunate country, the tax of *two in a thouſand* upon the capital of every perſon of fortune, impoſed in 1798, was in 1804, increaſed to *four in the hundred*, in order to ſupply funds for the modern ſyſtem, and for the douceurs required

required by Buonaparte's ambaſſadors, commanders, agents, and all the horde of banditti attached to his pillaging government. In theſe exorbitances are not included the ſeizure of common funds, the funds for orphans, for widows, and for the poor, or thoſe for communial tribes or private families. The capital of all theſe have already ſome years ago, been melted in the crucible of the regeneration. Even the population is taxed, according to the mandates of Buonaparte, fifteen thouſand Swiſs are delivered up to Spain, and twenty-two thouſand to the French empire and to the kingdom of Italy.

Such are the revolutionary bleſſings! Nor after ſeven years of extortions and pillage, are theſe fiſcal exactions more than a prelude; though they fall upon a country, impoveriſhed by nature, deprived of its commerce, oppreſſed in

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its induſtry, and bleeding from the incurable wounds inflicted on Helvetian proſperity, by French rapacity and ferocity. This is the manner in which the *generous* Frenchmen, thoſe *citizen-ſoldiers*, thoſe *honeſt defenders of property*, *thoſe liberal* and *enlightened* philoſophers treat the countries and the nations, they *honour* with their fraternity! After this can it be aſked why theſe ſpreaders of deſolation deſire invaſions, preach rebellion, and why they undertake perpetual wars, and how they ſupport them? Can a man of common underſtanding aſk what is the ſpring of armies of this kind, what are their *principles*, and whether they be royaliſts, imperialiſts or republicans?

It would be deceiving one's ſelf to imagine, that the fruit of theſe plunderings is confined to making the fortunes of ſome individuals, and that the government does not partake in it. Buonaparte

parte has ſpies in all countries, in all his armies, and about all his public functionaries, whether diplomatic, civil or military. He is not ignorant either of the plunder or of the riches of his ambaſſadors, generals, agents and commiſſioners; he ſecretly authorizes and ſanctions them as a ſource of emulation, and a pledge of the attachment of the parties intereſted to a government ſo *juſtly* and ſo honourably conſtituted. Since Buonaparte's reign, has any one ever heard of any inquiry or a reſtitution? Among the cauſes for which Buonaparte's military chiefs and civil agents are daily diſmiſſed, according to his cupidity, caprice, hatred, or ambition, has it ever been heard that their rapine has been cited as the cauſe? This fund of foreign ſpoliation is the more precious to the Emperor of the French, as he is and remains the ſole depoſitary and independent diſpenſer

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penſer of it. Buonaparte's miniſter of the public treaſury, Barbé Marbois, in his report for the month of March 1797, declared, that the revolutionary rulers of that time had given no account, of more than two hundred and forty millions of livres, 11,000,000*l.* of direct contributions, which they had received from abroad. Is there now to be found in the ſenate, in the council of ſtate, in the legiſlature, or in the tribunate, a reporter bold enough to charge Napoleon the Firſt with ſimilar prevarication, with ſimilar pillage, and with ſimilar frauds?

LETTER CXXXVI.

Berne, October, 1805.

MY LORD,

I HAD a letter of recommendation to a citizen of the name of Bay, whose cousin has played no indifferent part in the Helvetic republic. He invited me last Saturday to his country-house, where I remained until the Monday. Among the persons of the party there was a lady of a melancholy look and silent demeanour. For the first twenty-four hours my endeavours to get into conversation with her were vain; but happening on the Sunday afternoon to mention with some warmth both what my family and myself had suffered from the outrages of the French in Brabant, she said to me with a smile, which she no doubt tried to make

make pleafing, but which to me was fhocking, becaufe it feemed unnatural; "You then alfo know the true value of French promifes and of French performances, of French *honour* and of French duplicity!" I replied, that from what I myfelf, and thofe dear to me, had experienced from revolutionary Frenchmen, I had reafon to think them the fcourges of human nature, and the inftruments of hell.

When we had taken tea, fhe afked me whether I would lend her my arm, to take a walk in a neighbouring valley. When we were out of fight of the houfe, fhe faid, "From my behaviour, Sir, you muft confider me as a very ftrange woman. I am afraid that, from an erroneous notion, I even behaved rudely to you; but if you will allow me a quarter of an hour's converfation, inftead of blaming me, you will pity my misfortunes.

"My

"My family," ſhe ſaid, "had from the great civility ſhown one of my anceſtors, when negociating with Louis XIV. on the part of the Swiſs Cantons, been ſincerely, and without intereſt, attached to France, and to the French party and politics in this country. A gold ſnuff-box and a gold medallion were all the preſents we had ever received from France, and theſe had already been given us for upwards of a century. When the French revolution broke out, though we deteſted its horrors and cruelties, we thought ſimply and fooliſhly that it ultimately would produce benefit to mankind, particularly as the good and virtuous Louis XVI. ſeemed to announce himſelf as its chief. After the cruel murder of this prince we did not know what to think, when revolutionary emiſſaries in this country, and their Swiſs adherents, inſinuated that this crime

crime muſt be aſcribed to a faction, to Robeſpierre and his partiſans, but that the nation at large was innocent and unimpeachable. The relatively moderate conduct of ſucceeding governments, and their fallacious and treacherous promiſes, made us continue that line of political conduct adhered to by our forefathers, and we pronounced ourſelves the friends of France, until ſhe proved herſelf the greateſt enemy that ever conſpired againſt Helvetic liberty and independence, ſince William Tell conquered them both. My father and I were but of one opinion, that thoſe who acted in the manner which French revolutioniſts did in Switzerland, muſt be the moſt depraved and wicked of mankind. My uncle and couſin, from motives beſt known to themſelves, remained however, conſtant to thoſe who were the tyrants of their country, as if they ſtill had been

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its allies and friends. This caufed fome coldnefs in our family, and for near twelve months we ceafed to vifit each other; at laft, mutually tired of this unnatural broil, a reconciliation took place, and leaving all politics out of the queftion, we affociated as formerly, gave and returned dinners, invited each other to parties in the country, excurfions on the water, or to balls or fêtes in town."

"Six years ago, in the month of June," fhe continued, "I met in my uncle's houfe with a French Colonel Daurier, who after fome previous compliments and attentions, began publickly to pay his addreffes to me. Though I was fome years older than himfelf, he feemed fincerely and affectionately attached to me. In fhort, I not only married him, but in the full confidence of my heart, made him the mafter of my fortune. My happinefs

neſs and my deluſion were but of ſhort duration. I received one day, before the end of the honey-moon, a letter from an unknown perſon, who deſired to ſpeak to me alone, in one of our walks, at a fixed hour, hinting at the ſame time, that this interview would be of reciprocal advantage. Not ſuſpecting that this letter regarded Daurier, I ſhewed him it, and deſired him to accompany me at a diſtance to the place of rendezvous. "Do not, my dear," he ſaid, "attend to the appointments of individuals with whom you are not acquainted. They may either play you ſome trick, or impoſe upon your good nature with ſome tales. Whenever you receive any more ſuch letters, never conceal them from your huſband, who always will inſtruct you how to avoid the ſnares laid for your generoſity, tranquillity or honour."

"Though he ſeemed rather agitated

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when he ſpoke, I thought it rather from affection to me, than from any other cauſe. In this idea I was confirmed by his aſſiduities about me. He now never left me, but when abſolutely called on duty. One of theſe hours, a young and beautiful woman entered my room, and requeſted to ſpeak with me alone. "You are," ſhe ſaid, "Madame Daurier, if I am not miſtaken; but I am ſorry to inform you that this name was mine long before it was yours, and that it belonged to three other women before it was mine. I am from Yverdun, and was married to him ſix months ago. From letters arrived ſince he deſerted me, I find that he has a wife at Paris, another at Dijon, and a third at Baſle. With me he had but little property, but if my information is true here, he is now ſquandering away with a harlot a part of your riches, or what remains

after his loſſes at gambling tables. Do not think that jealouſy or revenge induces to make you unhappy; on the contrary, I call on you merely to prevent you from being entirely ruined by him." She ſhewed me at the ſame time ſeveral letters from Daurier among others, one in which he abuſes her for the interview ſhe deſired with me ſome time ago, and threatens to have her thrown into the river, if ever ſhe ſees or ſpeaks to me."

"In my dilemma, and no longer able to harbour any doubts with regard to my huſband's infidelity, I called upon my brother, put myſelf under his protection, and aſked his advice how act. He reſolved to call on Daurier and to have an explanation with him, but he could meet with him no where. On the ſame night, my brother's houſe was ſurrounded with French gens d'armes, and he, his wife

wife and myſelf, were ſhut up in a cloſed carriage, and carried as faſt as horſes could run, by bye roads to the citadel of Beſançon: Here my brother was killed or died broken hearted; his wife and myſelf did not recover our liberty before we had ſubſcribed bonds to the full amount of our property, and after a confinement of eleven months."

"As ſoon as releaſed, I went to Paris, preſented a petition to Buonaparte, was recommended by my uncle, but all in vain; inſtead of juſtice I met with ſcorn and abuſe: even my uncle, who had been ſuch a ſtaunch friend of the French, and who had embroiled himſelf with his friends, ſpent a part of his wealth, and loſt his popularity for his attachment to France, was ſeized on account of being troubleſome to the Emperor, and carried under eſcort of gens d'armes to the

 Swiſs

Swiſs frontiers, and prohibited under pain of death ever more to reviſit Buonaparte's dominions. It is ſuppoſed that beſides the women I knew had been married to Daurier, he had deluded two others, one at Soleure, and the other of Friburgh. After this perfidious conduct, judge, Sir, if I have not reaſon to deteſt Frenchmen, and avoid their ſociety. This is the return for all the ſervices of my family and of my anceſtors."

The ſame lady aſſured me, that in this city alone, one hundred and ten ladies, of whom twenty ſix were of patrician families, had been duped and pillaged in the ſame manner by French officers, who make it a regular cuſtom to marry every woman of any property or beauty, without any regard to their previous engagement, or to the diſtreſs which ſuch infamous perfidy may cauſe hereafter. Their impoſ-

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tures and their profligacy have coft the lives of twelve amiable young ladies here, who by fuicide hoped to find relief of their mifery, or at leaft an oblivion of their exiftence.

I have heard from other perfons, that Daurier was killed when ferving under General Moreau in the autumn of 1800, as a general of brigade; but whether by the enemy of his country, or by individuals whofe relations he had difhonoured, I could not learn.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Berne, November, 1805.

MY LORD,

ACCORDING to the laws of France I am bound to wait upon French ambaſſadors and agents reſiding in any foreign city or town through which I travel, exhibit before them my paſſport, and obtain their ſignatures. I therefore immediately after my arrival here preſented myſelf at the hotel of M. Vial, Buonaparte's repreſentative to the Helvetian republic. He not only received me with civility, but has ſince invited me ſeveral times to dine with him. He is a man of moderate principles, and I believe not a very great politician. From my converſation with him, I am convinced, that he would only ſhine among military

tary diplomatists, who confounding right with power, confer and negociate with pistols in their pockets, and swords in their hands. He served under Buonaparte in Italy as a general of brigade, and as such evinced more courage than talents.

A French officer, with whom I was acquainted at his table, upon my question, whether Vial was a great favourite with the Emperor of the French, answered me, "Not a favourite, Sir? but the emperor likes him very well, *because he is such a great hater of the English.*" That this was the case, I am inclined to believe; because at his table, whenever any question has occurred concerning Great Britain, he flew into a rage and made use of such expressions of abuse and detestation of the British nation, as from the known liberality of his master, would not have disgraced even the mouth or heart of

Napoleone Buonaparte. He has not only profcribed all Britifh goods in this country, but purfued without mercy every traveller whom he only fufpected to be an Englifhman. His Anti-Anglican zeal carried him fome months ago fo far, that he arrefted as Englifh fpies two American citizens, well provided with American certificates and paffes. Unfortunately for him, one of them was a relation of the American ambaffador at Paris, General Armftrong, who complained to Buonaparte, and Talleyrand was ordered to reprimand his excellency.

Vial gave yefterday a brilliant fete in honour of the late victories of Buonaparte. The landamman, the chancellor of the confederacy, with all other the principal public functionaries of Switzerland, and the members of the foreign diplomatic corps, were invited and prefent. I no where, on fuch a gay occafion,

occasion, remarked so little real satisfaction, or rather I believe, that, with the exception of the ambassador, his secretary Rouyer, and half a dozen of French officers, not one of the guests but would have rejoiced more sincerely in celebrating Buonaparte's defeat than triumph.

I mentioned in a former letter from Lausanne, how ripe the people in the *Pays de Vaud* were for an insurrection against French tyranny, if encouraged, and sure of support from abroad. In the cantons of Berne, Fribourg, and Soleure, they are still more inveterate against their foreign oppressors, having suffered still more from them. When the news of the incomprehensible disasters of General Mack arrived here, every mouth pronounced curses against him, and every countenance bespoke disappointment and sorrow. The ambassador

baſſador Vial has too many ſpies to remain ignorant of the public ſpirit here, and therefore his fête was generally regarded as a contempt of, and inſult on the common feelings of the public.

As to the pretended neutrality of Switzerland, it is another audacious intrigue of Buonaparte and Talleyrand to ſerve the purpoſes and intereſt of France at the expence and intereſt of Auſtria and Helvetia, nay of Europe. This capital was ſtill in Auguſt garriſoned by Buonaparte's ſoldiers, who evacuated the Helvetian territory juſt at the ſame time that his army of England evacuated their old quarters on the coaſt. Should ſucceſs continue to accompany Buonaparte's army, his ſoldiers will ſoon again garriſon the principal towns and cities of this *neutral* republic. Vial has already countermanded the ſale of the magazines and depots

depots left behind them here, by his countrymen, a proof that their abſence is expected to be but ſhort.

Among the perſons I regret to leave here is the chancellor of the confederacy, Mouſſon. I have heard him called a Jacobin by ſome, and an intriguer by others; but I am almoſt convinced, that he is not only a ſtaunch republican, but a true patriot. He has indeed figured as a placeman under the different revolutionary governments impoſed upon Switzerland by France; but he has always tried to expoſe intriguers, and to prevent the ſtate from ſuffering by their plots. It was he who when the Jacobin directors, La Harpe, Secretan, and Oberlin, in 1799, formed the plan of imitating Buonaparte's late revolution in France, and to proclaim themſelves the three conſuls of Helvetia, diſcovered

and

and defeated their conſpiracy. He was then appointed a ſecretary general of the executive commiſſion that ſucceeded the directory; but denouncing ſome manœuvres of traitors ſold to the French government, he was arreſted, but juſtified himſelf ſo fully, that he was unanimouſly nominated to his preſent elevated ſtation. That he deteſts the revolutionary politics of France, I am certain, and therefore cannot doubt but that he is a ſincere friend of the honour, liberty and independence of his own country.

In general even the preſent public functionaries of Switzerland are men of irreproachable lives, and of patriotic and moral characters. Moſt of them would even willingly reſign their offices to ſee the return of the former order of things, and of the former tranquillity of their country. The people here

here are always agitated, and muſt continue agitated until they are at perfect liberty to ſelect for themſelves without foreign interference a government of their own free choice. This was the opinion of every placeman and functionary in Switzerland with whom I ſpoke upon this ſubject.

No where have the Bourbons more ardent admirers than in the Helvetian republic. The generoſity of the princes of their houſe when allies of theſe countries, compared with the *generoſity* of their preſent ally Napoleone the Firſt, is the frequent topic of converſation and regret both in private families and in public places of reſort, in coffee-houſes and inns. Even at the table of the Chancellor Mouſſon, I heard a Swiſs ſenator ſay, "nobody ever accuſed my countrymen of being royaliſts; but even the royaliſts of

France

France would not hail the return and reſtoration of the Bourbons, with the ſame enthuſiaſm as the Swiſs republicans, becauſe Swiſs liberty can only be recovered by a French Bourbon."

FINIS.

Printed by C. Roworth, Bell Yard, Temple-Bar.